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ON TOP OF A CHIMNEY.

As I was leaving the yard one evening to trudge back to the bits of rooms we were forced to put up with since I came to London in order to get better wages, I was called into the office by the foreman. "What's your present job, Lindsay?" he asked, and I told him.

"Humph! that can stand over for a day or two, can't it? Stubbs has fallen ill again, and you must take his place."

I didn't care to be shifted before I'd finished what I was about, but a journeyman bricklayer, with a wife and children looking to him for bread, cannot afford to be too particular, and so I held my tongue.

"You must go to Coot's Brewery tomorrow morning and finish that chimney," the foreman told me. He gave me a few more directions besides, and then went his way while I went mine, not very well pleased at the prospect before me.

I suppose I never ought to have followed the trade, for though I'd gained myself a good character as a steady workman, I had never been able to overcome a horror at being perched at any great height. In the country, where the buildings were low, I managed well enough, but in this great city there were roofs on which I could not stand without this dread oppressing me, nor look down without feeling as though something below was tempting me to fling myself over and end at once the miserable sensation which no effort of mine could shake off.

This huge chimney the foreman had ordered me to finish was reckoned one of the highest and best built shafts in London. We were all proud of the job, which had been carried on so far without a single mishap, but I had earnestly been hoping that I might not be sent to it, and it wasn't till the workmen had got almost to the top that I began to breathe a bit more freely, and trust that it would be finished without any help of mine.

Once at home with the youngsters' merry prattle in my ears, I forgot my uneasy feeling about the morrow's job, but the moment I dozed of to sleep it came back upon me in a hideous dream. I thought I was falling down, and just as the crash of my body striking the earth seemed inevitable, I woke up with a start to find myself bathed in a cold perspiration, and trembling in every limb.

No more settled sleep visited my pillow that night, and it was a relief when the booming of the clocks dispelled my frightful visions, and warned me that it was time to face a reality.

The morning was bitterly cold and boisterous, scarcely a soul was to be seen in the deserted streets at that early hour, and the dull thud, thud of my footsteps sounded mournfully in the stillnes reigning around. At last the great chimney loomed in sight, and, gazing up at its immense height, I shivered at the thought of being on top of it, and forced to look down on the sickening depth below.

If it had not been for the name of the thing I should have gone back; but the thought of Bessie and the children spurred me on; so, buttoning my jacket tightly around me, I began to ascend the staging. In my journey upward I passed many cosily-curtained windows, and remember thinking, rather enviously, how nice it must be to be rich and sheltered on such a morning from the biting cold in a warm-furnished bedroom.

Some fellows would'nt mind the least bit if they were perched on the top of St. Paul's on the coldest of mornings, provided you supplied them well with beer; but I wasn't over-strong limbed, any more than I could pretend to be strong-minded; so what to them was nothing, to me was almost death itself.

The higher I went the more intense the cold appeared to be, and my fingers became quite numbed by the hoar frost that was clinging to the sides and spokes of the ladders. After a while I stood on the few boards forming the stage on the summit of the shaft, and, giving one glance downward, my blood turned colder than it was already as I realized the immense depth to the yard beneath.

Giving myself a shake to get rid of the dizzy sensation that came over me, and unhooking from the pulley the tub of mortar which my mate, waiting below, had sent up, I at once began my solitary work.

I had been hard at it for more than an hour, and was getting a bit more reconciled to my position, cheering myself as I whistled and worked, with the thought that each brick I laid was bringing me nearer to a finish, when all at once a fiercer and colder blast than before came shrieking around the chimney. I was nearly overthrown, and, in the endeavor to recover myself, I tilted the board of mortar from off the edge of the shaft on to my frail standing place.

In a second, to my intense horror, I felt the boards and all that were on them gliding away with me from the chimney, and, in a few moments I should have been lying, a mangled corpse, below, if I had not succeeded in flinging my arm over and into the hollow of the shaft, where, as the scaffold and its load of bricks crushed downward, I was left hanging, with certain death awaiting me the moment I loosened my hold.

My first impulse was to throw my other hand over and draw my body up, so that I could lie partially across the top of the shaft. In this I was successful, and continued to balance myself, half in the chimney and half out.

There for some time I could only cling with frenzied desperation, praying earnestly to be saved from the horrible death threatening me; but at last I summoned courage to peer cautiously over the outside of the shaft.

Not a bit of scaffolding remained within many yards of me---and that but the poles, with a few boards dangling to them---and there was nothing to break my fall should I quit my hold.

Shudderingly I drew my head over the shaft, for there the darkness hid my danger, while to gaze on the scene without brought the old feeling of being dragged back to me in full force.

Then I began to think of the wife and little ones whom I had left snug in bed, and bitter tears came into my eyes as I wondered how they would live if I were taken from them. The thought brought me back to more selfish ones, and I kept asking myself, "Must I die? How long can I hold on with this fierce wind besetting me? Is there no hope? Will no one, seeing how I am placed, strive to rescue me?"

Again I turned my eyes downward. In the court-yard of the brewery and in the street below people were fast collecting; windows were being thrown open, and women and children, shrieking and sobbing, were gazing from them at me. The crowd below thickened, running hither and thither. A large kite fluttered nearer and nearer. How I tried to steady myself with one hand, that I might grasp the cord with the other as soon as it was within reach, comes vividly before me now. But it never did come within reach, a gust of the breeze carrying it far away, and dashing it to the ground.

An hour passed on, and though clinging to the brickwork, it was almost unconsciously, for cold and fear had so worked upon me that I became quite dazed, and the chimneys, the people, the confused noise from the streets, and my own perilous position, seemed to be jumped together in a tangle which I could not put straight. While in this half-sensible state I heard a voice shout my name. But it had to be repeated twice before I could rouse myself sufficiently to heed what was said.

"Bill, Bill Lindsay! cheer up, mate! help is coming!" were the words which rumbled up the shaft.

After this there was a pause for some minutes, and scarce able to control my excitement, I tried to think how this help could come. Then there was a warning shouted to me to keep my head back, followed by a whizzing, hissing sound, and looking within the shaft, I saw a bright shower of golden sparks lighting up the well-like hole, and knew that a rocket had been fired.

But it struck the brickwork in its ascent and failed to reach me, so that once more I was left to wait and hope until the voice again shouted for me to keep clear. A moment after a fiery tail of sparks shot upward far above me, and an earnest "Thank God!" came from his heart, as I grasped a thin cord that fell by my side as the rocket descended.

By this communication a stouter and stronger rope was sent me. But my danger was not over, for in my weakened and numbed state, it was a perilous slide down it. At first I could scarcely brace my nerves up sufficiently to launch myself over the brickwork, and my head turning dizzy for a moment, I thought myself gone, but, conquering the feeling by a great effort, I slowly descended until about half the distance was accomplished.

Then the horrid fear seized me, "What if the rope should break or not be securely fastened!" and dreading each second that my fears would be fulfilled, in feverish haste I slid on.

Within a few yards of the bottom, overtasked nature would bear the strain no longer, and, loosening my hold, I dropped into the arms of those who had been breathlessly waiting my descent.

Other hands than mine finished the shaft in calmer weather, and, on a more securely-fastened scaffold; and I, well cared for by the best of little wives, soon got over the shock of my accident; but, as I go to and fro to my work, and look up to the huge chimney, I often recall with a shudder the hour when I clung to its summit, counting the moments, each one of which seemed to bring me nearer to a dreadful death.

Waste in Steam Engines.

This waste arises from a variety of causes:---1st, bad firing, which means bad combustion; 2nd, insufficient surface to absorb the heat; 3rd, an unclean condition of that surface, either from internal or external deposit or both; 4th, a faulty proportioning of the parts of the boiler to each other and to the work to be done, which causes heated water to be carried over with the steam ---a cause of deficiency of evaporation, which, however, so far from being as a rule detected goes to swell the apparent duty of the boiler.

But firing may result in the fire being too thick or, too thin or irregular. If too thick the carbonic acid that is generated by the combustion of the lower part of the fuel with which the air first comes in contact is changed in the passage through the upper part of the fuel as fast as they could run, for they knew that, "He who fights and runs away will always live to draw his pay." This little bit of a boy would load a big cannon all by himself, take it up in his arms, and fire it right into the other vessels; and all the while the flames rolled up on all sides of him and made him sweat; they completely enveloped him, and he found that it was absolutely necessary to pull off his coat; still he would brush the flames away, and load and fire the cannon so rapidly that it got red hot, and that was what he wanted, for he then could fire red-hot balls, and make a general red-hot time, while he was at it.

The cannon-balls flew around him. One of them struck him on the mouth, and nearly knocked a tooth, a front one down his throat. When he ran short of balls, he would reach up and take in one on a fly, and all the time he would shout, "Say, father, must I stay?"

The flames burned all his clothes off him, but he said he didn't care a cent for the loss of them, as he could get plenty more at a second-hand store. The flames wrapped around him, but he remarked that he didn't care for that as he was getting mad, and even if he did run away, the old gentleman would half kill him any way.

A mast fell, and he picked it up and piched it over into one of the ships, and it mashed in the deck and killed a great many; and he said he could do without a mast, anyhow. And still out above the booming of cannon and bursting of bombs, his voice was heard, "Say, governor, don't you think it would be consistent with the nature of things---I say with the nature of things ---for me to get out of this here?" but no answer came. A 15-inch shell passed through his bosom, and at the same time a ball took off both his arms, but he continued to put in his time at loading and unloading the cannon as if nothing had happened, until it melted and ran over the burning deck, upon which you have been informed, he stood whence all but him, etc.

At last all the ship was burned up except the magazine, and the powder which had been burning for some minutes, took a notion to go off on a sudden. Well, the last that ever seen of him he was about four miles up, still shouting, "Say, father, is it incumbent on me to stay?"

Matrimonial Incompatability.

The Rev. Dr. Peabody, in a late essay, touches upon this delicate subject after the following fashion:

The truth is that the greater proportion of the so-called incompatibilities and uncongeniahties of domestic life which are so often made the ground for the disruption of the matrimonial bond, are inadmissible as a justifying ground for any such dissolution, and could be readily overcome and blotted out of existence if the parties most concerned had only the will to do it. A couple are no sooner married than they find that differences of opinion and mutual jars ensue, and all is not gold that glistened; and then one or both straightway imagine that there is no remedy but in ruthlessly breaking the solemn, sacred tie that binds them. A vague, restless feeling seizes upon one or both, producing discontent, engendering a certain thought of present bondage which exists only in fancy, and creating a feverish desire for other associations and spheres which are supposed to be more fitted and providentially designed for the mind and heart. No escape but in cutting the knot. It is a delusion. The marriage relation, in all its history, was never expected to be entirely free from misunderstanding and discords. Foolish to think that the whole mutual life can flow on, like the early stream, without a ripple or an eddy. Home is a school, a discipline, whereby husband and wife are to grow into each other, getting rid of their angularities, harmonizing their peculiar characteristics, and more and more becoming one in thought, sympathy and life. The true blessedness of wedded souls is not insured by a simple exchange of plighted faith. It comes through and after many a self-denial, many a crucifixion of the will, many a scourging of the resentment, anger, pride, vanity, and passions of the heart. It is true here, as in other relations, that he who saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall save it.

AN INSURANCE QUESTION.—A novel and curious question of life insurance is likely to arise in Delaware. Professor West, of Dover, had his life insured for $25,000 for the benefit of his family. He has confessed to the killing of a negro named Enoch Turner, and to the horrible manner in which he disposed of the remains. His apparent object in the murder was that the mutilated body of the negro might be mistaken for his own corpse, and the insurance companies be defrauded out of the $25,000. The question arises, if West is hanged for this murder, will the companies be compelled to pay the amount of the insurance to his family? If the insurance holds good, it will be to the interest of the companies to see that the murderer gets off with some lighter penalty, such as imprisonment for life.

A Paducah small boy was fined eighty cents in the City Court the other day

Casablanca.

When I was a boy, nothing ever affected me so much as the story of Casabianca. My boyish breast was rent in twain, torn in two, broken asunder as it were, and the copious---yes, that's the word---copious tears rolled from my eyes in cataracts, and you could see the course streaks down my cheeks.

I have attempted to recite it dramatically on the stage, but I would be so overcome by the terrible story, that I invariably broke down and never succeeded in getting the boy off the burning deck, whence all but him had the good sense to flee.

I longed to emulate him, and once, fired by reading it, I rushed out and set the pig-pen afire, and got upon the roof and stood there, "beautiful and bright as born to rule the storm," and I called aloud, "Say, father, must I stay?" and my father came running out and said he guessed not, and jerked me down so suddenly, and went to work on me with a barrel stave, that I thought the deck had blown up, and the enemy's hundred-pounders were still blazing away.

This boy-that-stood-on-the-deck's name wasn't Casabianca, but plain Tom Dickenhara; and during the battle his father had told him to stay where he was till he came back, and he stayed there. He had probably tried that little game of disobedience before, and knew what it would result in. Now, in my boyhood I have often done a good many things which seemed heroic, when in fact, I was constrained to be heroic for fear of getting an unmerciful lickidg; and, after all, I never got into the school-readers as a model. I don't think I ever had justice done, while other boys who have been brave and all that, have got themselves killed and done up in poetry for the benefit of other children, who are learning to read. Never mind, I am getting up a new Whitehorn Reader, in every chapter of which I will appear to great advantage and applause.

As I was going on to say the boy stood on the burning deck, all alone, and kept the battle to himself; all the rest had jumped overboard, and swam ashore as fast as they could run, for they knew that, "He who fights and runs away will always live to draw his pay." This little bit of a boy would load a big cannon all by himself, take it up in his arms, and fire it right into the other vessels; and all the while the flames rolled up on all sides of him and made him sweat; they completely enveloped him, and he found that it was absolutely necessary to pull off his coat; still he would brush the flames away, and load and fire the cannon so rapidly that it got red hot, and that was what he wanted, for he then could fire red-hot balls, and make a general red-hot time, while he was at it.

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A Long Dance.

Jimmy Kennovan finished his thirty-one hour's dance at 2 o'clock at night, says a Valligo, California paper. Jimmy kept in locomotion throughout the whole time announced, only taking a brief recess for the purpose of bathing his feet and having a brief respite. At this time he showed few symptoms of over-exertion. His feet were slightly swollen, but he otherwise seemed as fresh as when he commenced. His extremities were bathed by hi trainer with brandy, which proved a most excellent specific for the purpose for which it was used. Before the expiration of the ten minutes allotted Jimmy began to feel sleepy, and was glad to begin his exercise again as soon as possible. At frequent intervals he drank wine with raw eggs as an invigorant. His appetite was also keen during the trial, and he ate heartily. When the last twenty minutes before the elapse of the thirty one hours had come, Jimmy, who it seemed, had husbanded his strength for the close, "let himself out." He seemed as fresh and more vigorous than when he first began, and he danced the last three dances with an energy and a heartiness which would have put to blush a youth of sixteen. Jimmy, in fact, did not stop when 3 o'clock struck, but kept on going for nearly ten minutes longer. When the feat was finished he departed with his trainer for his lodging, where he was placed in a hot bath, rubbed down, and put to bed. The spectators during the evening enjoyed themselves in singing and dancing, and passed the time very agreeably. Jimmy slept calmly and peacefully until 7 o'clock the next morning, when he arose and dressed himself. He made his appearance upon the street that forenoon, apparently as fresh as ever. For a person sixty years of age, the feat which he has performed is truly remarkable.

Beware of Poisoned Tea.

A physician from the country was passing a down town restaurant a few days ago, and feeling a little famished after a long ride in the cars, he stepped in and ordered a cup of black tea. Almost immediately after partaking of it he felt sick at his stomach, and soon he commenced vomiting, which continued through the night. Twenty-four hours afterward he had not fully recovered. The doctor attributed the effect to verdigris in the tea, which may have been used as coloring matter, or derived from the copper pans on which the tea was dried, or from the vessel in which it was drawn.

We have heard of other instances in which verdigris was discovered in black tea.---*Exchange.*

A pumpkin pie, ten feet in diameter and four feet deep, was the chief feature of a California dinner recently. The enjoyment of the guests was somewhat marred by a child falling into the pie and drowning before their eyes.

The Origin of Words.

Most men, and women, too, desire fame, or notoriety. Yet a great name may come to base uses. St. Etheldreda's name became shortened to St. Audrey, from whence came the word "tawdry," signifying cheap and gaudy. It is said that the images of the saint were so much over-dressed by her votaries, that they unconsciously furnished the English language with this very expensive term. And further endorsement was given to the word by the fairs held on St. Etheldreda's day, at which articles of female finery were sold. Another sainted lady, who lived in the same century, the seventh, gives a household name to the cat. "Tabby" is said to come from St. Abbe. Two towns in England are named in her honor, Tabley, but come from the corrupted name "Tab." "Boston," as some few people know, is St. Butolph's town, shortened; and there is in the American as well as the English Boston, a street named "Butolph," after the saint.

Among the most curious deviations is the Turkish name of Constantinople, Stamboul. The colloquial phrase among the Greeks to designate the place was "eis ten polin," "to the city." Of this the Turks make "Istampoul," and, finally, Stamboul. In an effort to produce English words in Turkish form, a Turkish scholor could get no nearer to "scoundrel" than "Ascondered." The transformation in this case is as curious as Stamboul, from "eis ten polin." York, from the Latin Eboracum, would seem to present at the first glance little resemblance to the original.

The process of change in common usage was something as follows: Eboracum, Etracu, Eorforwic, Eoric, York. This is almost equal to the derivation of the name of a pickle from Jeremiah King; Jerry King, Jer King, girkin. But colloquial changes are not always to be despised. They mean history. The common expression, "a game leg," for a lame leg, would at first seem to be making game of a misfortune. The true word is "gam," old English meaning, defective. We have Cambridges in great numbers in the United States, in places where there is neither a river, cam, nor a bridge. Every machinist knows that a "cam" is the name given to a piece of machinery which causes an eccentric motion. The river Cam is a crooked river.

Names of places in this country are meaningless in their application, except as in the case of old towns, showing where the first settlers came from, like Chester and others. There are many Nottinghams, but those who date their letters in these towns do it without consciousness that they are noting the fact that the respected ancestors of some of us were troglodytes and lived in caves. Snotingeham, the original name of Nottingham in England, signified "the home of the dwellers in caves;" and antiquarian examinations have found traces of the residences of these cave dwellers.

Such are a few of the curious transformations to which words and names are subject, while as yet people were unable to read. The sound changed the orthography, and thus nearly every trace of the original disappeared in the course of time. If the world were in like condition now, with no printed books and newspapers to preserve the correct spelling, wild work might be made even with prominent names. Feldel-fy would hardly be recognized by the founder, could he return. Bawltmer would be a puzzle to Lord Baltimore. Two other leading cities, when mentioned together, seem to have in the sound of their names a distinction as to age, namely, New York and Nawer Leans, though the latter loses a syllable in the second word to the enrichment of the first.

Second Sight.

When I was a child and read fairy tales, I used to wish that I had the "invisible cap," that I might go where I chose without the knowledge of any other mortal. I can't say I wish it now, for if people use me as they do other folk---and what more likely?---I should be apt to hear no good of myself, and to be in a chronic state of rage on account of the ten, fifteen, or twenty years added to my age by my dearest friends, who knew me first when "I was a married woman and they were only school-girls." I should hear criticisms on my dress, and my "tricks and manners," and hear old bachelors speak of me as a designing widow, on whom it was dangerous to call in Leap-year.

No, I've given up my desire for the invisible cap, but I really should like to have second sight. It must be convenient. If I had an old Scotch uncle or aunt possessed of the accomplishment, I should sit down and write to him or her, and say:

"Make your abode with me for life. Live in my heart and pay no rent. You will be more useful than the washerwoman, and more necessary than the cook." And I should not set that aunt, if it was an aunt, to washing dishes. I should provide her with a big armchair and a bottle of whatever is necessary, and set her to "spearing" forthwith.

There she would sit in her chair, all handy, and when I said, "I'll have codfish for dinner, she would say:

"Don't do it, Mary."

And I would say, "Why not?"

And she would say:

"All the Topslices are coming to dinner. I see um."

And then I should make a preparation of roast and boiled, and of dessert and of after dinner coffee, to say nothing of before dinner soup, and not writhe with anguish when the smell of codfish and the Topslices burst into the hall together.

When I put on that light silk dress and that new bonnet, and took that new parasol in the fingers of my new gloves, with a blue sky overhead, perhaps Aunty would begin to groan and would say:

"Beware! bide at home."

But wouldn't that be better than to be caught in the rain? I should think so.

She would have visions of Biddy giving away the cold mutton to her cousin at the area gate, and would know why we always had so little butter and so much soap-fat.

In fact, she would be better than any private detective, and no end of a comfort to everybody.---*Ledger.*

DESTRUCTION OF THE BUFFALO.—The destruction of the buffalo was carried on during the past year with a rapidity entirely unprecedented, although it has been matter of regretful comment for years. One firm in Leavenworth received 30,000 hides per month, while two others in Kansas City received 15,000 each in the same time. This is at the rate of 2,000 slain per day. The immense piles or stacks of hides to be seen at all the stations along the line of the Kansas Pacific Railroad bear witness to the slaughter. Prof. Mudge, of Manhattan, Kansas, who is well posted in the economy of the Plains, places the number killed per day at 1,000, which is sufficiently high to insure the early extinction of the species.

A Georgia woman is credited with having raised a large family, although not out of her teens. It was her mother-in-law's family, and she did it with a keg of gunpowder planted in the cellar.

An Aboriginal Medusa.

Near the headwaters of Cache branch of Indian creek there resides an old Shawnee Indian woman by the name of Net-talla-quah' familiarly called, in the immediate neighborhood, Aunt Netty. She occupies a small log cabin in a rocky cleft or gulch remote from the Aubrey and Kansas City road, and about one mile from the road. This old woman can not be less than ninety years of age, although she will not under any consideration state her exact age. She is a perfect recluse, as much so as though she were dead and buried. Few visit her lonely cabin, and those who intrude once upon her privacy seldom care to venture there again. An attache of this paper, in company with Mr. Enoch H. Downs, of Cass county, paid a visit to the old Indian's cabin a few days ago for the purpose of examining a rare collection of reptiles said to be kept by the old squaw.

After some little difficulty the cabin was discovered in a bend of the creek, completely concealed from view by precipitous rock banks, except from the south side of the ravine. A huge, vicious mastiff wolf dog showed his ugly fangs, and for a time disputed entrance to the cabin. The door opened, and a hideous old squaw made her appearance at the aperture, and in a guttural voice said something to the dog, which at once retreated behind the stone chimney at the end of the cabin. Without bidding the party enter the old squaw retreated herself within the cabin, leaving the door open. Following the old woman into the cabin, our reporter and his guide were for a moment blinded by the smoke and darkness. Standing near the door for a few moments, they were enabled to see the old squaw seated upon a block of wood near a smouldering fire, smoking a small, red pipe, and apparently unconscious of the presence of strangers. Mr. Downs well acquainted with the old hag's taste for whisky and tobacco, laid a quantity of each in her lap.

The sight of these unexpected luxuries had a magical effect upon the squaw. Her small, dull black eyes glittered with joy, and her leathery face brightened with satisfaction. She arose, on being made acquainted with the object of the visit, dragged out a large box and a barrel from near the fire, which at first appeared to be filled with leaves, but on closer examination were found to contain the old hag's family pets. Muttering some winning, sing-song words, evidently of endearment, she put her hand down into the barrel and brought forth first a huge "blue racer," which, half torpid, coiled herself slowly into a knot upon the stone hearth. Then she took out several black snakes of various sizes, one of which was not less than four feet in length. Then she lifted out a perfect knot of mixed snakes, spotted, striped, and yellow, which were knotted and entwined in a mass as large as a half-bushel measure. All of these loathsome reptiles, she said, she had collected herself in the country around about her. Some of them she said she had had for years.

Each of the snakes she called by names, and, after laying the writhing mass upon the warm hearth, left them to squirm and uncoil in the warmth generated by the fire. Turning to the box she opened the lid and pointed to a large yellow and black boa constrictor which lay coiled up, filling one-half of the box. She caught it gently by the back of the neck and the tail, and lifted it also out upon the hearth, and therefrom took a huge brown snake, of a variety unknown to our reporter. Each of these monsters was at least four or five feet in length, and appeared to be far more active and lively than the smaller snakes. She then dragged forth an old wolf-skin robe from her bed in a corner near the fire, and unrolled a perfect medley of rattlesnakes of all hues, sizes, thicknesses, and ages. These she handled roughly, rolling the squirming mass out upon the hearth, where the visitors, at a safe distance, might view the loathsome sight at leisure. Upon the walls hung a variety of snake skins, rattles, dried snakes' heads, lizards, and pieces of dried meat.

The sight was the most repugnant ever witnessed by our reporter. The old hag sat down upon the hearth, laughing and chattering her horrid gibberish, and proceeded to wind the two largest snakes around her wrinkled old neck, and then to uncoil the half torpid masses of snakes. In a short time she had her lap full of the squirming reptiles, and appeared to handle and play with them like so many harmless kittens. The visitors, unable to stand the loathsome, sickening sight, and the effluvia generated in the close, dark den, soon took their leave, leaving the old squaw to the company of her singular pets. She devotes much of her time in playing with them, allowing them to crawl over her bed and over the floor. She feeds them upon birds and insects. The former she catches alive and feeds to the larger snakes at intervals of one or two weeks.

She works a small patch of garden, and depends mostly for other necessaries upon the surrounding country in which she begs. She refused to follow her tribe south when they departed a few years ago, and they loathed her so much for her hideous habits that they did not regret leaving her. In the warm months she permits her pets to roam at will over the cabin, and in no instance has been bitten by any of them; although they will hiss and dart with their poisonous fangs at times, yet she appears to control them by a few whinning words and a glance of her dull black eyes. It is needless to say old Aunt Netty has few visitors, and those who have visited her are not anxious to repeat the visit. —*Kansas City Times.*

The Canadian Railroads.

From a review of the Canadian railways we see that the Grand Trunk Railway, with 1,300 miles of track, employing 5,000 men, and ninety millions of cash investments, has not paid a dividend for years. Its expenses consume 77 1-2 per cent. of gross earnings. The Great Western Road makes $10,463 gross earnings a mile, the largest of any single track in the world, but runs its expenses up to 60 per cent. of the receipts, which are found to increase in a faster ratio than the earnings. One year of the ten which the Dominion Parliament granted for the building of the Canadian Pacific Road has passed without a stroke of work done, but a company has been formed. Its stock is to be placed with most rigorous precautions against its being controlled by any other than Canadian capitalists.

Furs and their Prices.

A Maine paper says that mink are selling at $6 and $7. Sable are quie plenty this season---plentier than last---at $2.50. Sliver fox sell at $40 to $65. Bear skins are worth $5 to $15. Muskrat are not nearly so plenty as last year. Kittens sell at five cents; Fall muskrats at 10 cents to 15 cents; Winter, 20 cents. The otter is scarce, and sells at $4 to $12. Very few are taken. The raccoon is making himself scarce. He sell at 25 to 75 cents. Weasel is not plenty, and and sells at a nominal price. He is stuffed and kept for curiosity, but nobody wears him. Weasel fur appears under the fashionable name of ermine, but this fur is grown in Russia, and is finer and longer than ours.

A Sad Scene.

During the progress of the excavation of the ruins of the Centre street fire in New York, where seven lives were lost, relatives of those who were missing also crowded about the ruins, and with eager and watchful eyes pounced upon every object which they thought resembled a human figure. Among others was the young man, McGrath, whose sister is among the missing, and who remained in a position above the workmen the entire afternoon. At intervals of an hour he would leave the ruins and hurriedly cross the street, where was sitting shivering with the cold an old woman, thinly and poorly clad. Approaching her at one time with tears in his eyes, he said, his voice quivering with emotion,

"There is no sign of her yet, mother; I'm afraid we'll never find her."

"Oh, Mike, don't say that; let us place our trust in God."

The young man walked quickly across the street and was again at his post watching as intently as ever. The presence of the old lady, together with her violent sobbing, attracted many around her, but she seemed to take no notice of what was going on, keeping a steady gaze upon her son. When it began to grow dark he left the building, and coming over once more to his mother, asked her to go home, as nothing more could be done. At first she was unwilling to comply, but at last went off in the direction of the cars. When she had left the son turned around, and in a low voice, scarcely audible, said: "God help her." In conversation with the writer, Mr. McGrath said that his sister and himself kept house for his mother that she might enjoy the latter days of her life in comfort. "I know," said he, "she can never bear up with this loss, and what is most troubling me now is that she as well as my poor sister will soon leave me."

Mrs. Donohue, who lost her two oldest daughters (her main support) at the fire, was unable to bear up under her loss, and lost her mind. Around her bedside clung her four remaining children, who were crying, but who are yet unable to realize the critical condition of their mother or the sad and untimely end of their older sisters. The mother was slightly better yesterday, and spoke very rationally, but it is believed if she is permitted to view the remains of her two girls that she will never recover. Her entire cry yesterday was: "Oh! the worst is to come yet." Father Mooney, of St. Bridget's Church, made allusion to the unfortunate girls yesterday, and asked the congregation to pray for them.

After dark the scenes in and around the station-house where lay the body of Fanny Stewart were appalling. Mothers who had lost their children, and who had watched the laborers of the firemen the afternoon, with their feet imbedded in the cold, damp snow, called on the Captain to procure information of "what would be done on the morrow?" "if he thought all the other bodies were as disfigured as the one found?" and hundreds of other questions which he answered as best he could.

A New-Mexican Love Chase.

In New Mexico, where young ladies are scarce, five men wooed the same damsel. The lovers, it seems, were all equally poor and---disreputable. The girl didn't love any of them, but she feared all of them. As the wooing waxed warm, the lovers began to indulge in threats of shooting and throat-cutting, and one of them, more savage than the rest, declared he would cut the throat of the girl himself sooner than see her the wife of any of his rivals. This so frightened the girl that she resolved on flight. Making ample, but secret preparations, she fled one morning, on horseback, to the ranche of a friend, distant nearly a hundred miles from her home. The next day her flight was discovered, and the five lovers set out in pursuit, every one of them determined to catch her and marry her, or die. They rode in company till the horse of one began to fall behind, when he insisted that the others should slacken their speed, so as to give him an equal chance. This they refused to do, whereupon he drew his revolver and began to fire at their horses. This so maddened the four other lovers that they opened fire on their assailant, and shot him and his horse, but not till he had wounded and lamed two of their horses.

The owners of the two wounded horses, seeing that they would be distanced in the race, demanded that their comrades should give them an equal chance by all going on foot. This proposition being declined, a second fight was immediately begun, which ended in the death of two of the combatants, and the wounding of the other two so seriously that they could not proceed.

After two days of suffering, the wounded men were found by a party of explorers, and sent to a cabin whar they could have such help as the limited resources of a frontier settler's family could supply. There one of them soon died, and the other, after a long illness, convalesced sufficiently to ride away on horseback in search of some old companions. He did not propose to go in pursuit of the girl again, as he had heard of her marriage to a cousin who was skillful with the bowie-knife, and a dead shot.

God's Method

What recesses of the human soul cannot be reached by the even tide of God? Its refreshment slides up from gift to gift, and tosses its spray into the face of imagination, and lies deep around the rooted senses on which men stand to see their hope of immortality and consciousness of the divine presence reflected in it. If it ebbs, we recollect the image and yearn for the diurnal freshness. It lifts us with the rest of nature, and all things find themselves blithely afloat. Nice observation of an insect's embryo, warm enthusiasm for the mortal law, the tenderness that seeks its human kind, and the ecstacy that claims kinship with the invisible order---the whole of the world is carried round with the planets, and rolls into the ordinary influence of all the heavenly lights; not one faculty can lag behind or be dropped out of this mental unity. Nothing truly precious swims helplessly in the great wake of God's clear method, but every part of the man can be and therefore strives to be abreast of the other. The mountains follow the earth, the air has clasped the mountains, and daylight and starlight stream forward entangled in the air. Clutching for dear life to each other, all solid and tenuous things describe the great, invariable motion, and God is in the manifoldness, drenching it with uniformity.---*John Weiss.*

Horrors of Cuban Warfare.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, writing from the battle-field of Viamones, in Cuba, where the Spaniards lately defeated the Cubans, gives a terrible picture of the horrors of the war now desolating that island. No prisoners are ever taken. The enemy's wounded left upon the battle-field are all slain by the victors. Their throats are cut; their arms and legs are cut off; in some cases the top of the head is cut off with a machete---a large heavy knife resembling a broadsword; and in some instances, the bodies are too shockingly mutilated for description. Such treatment of wounded men is a disgrace to civilization.

Roads and Road Making.

At the Central New York Farmers' Club, A. G. Williams, in some very sensible talk on the above subject, suggested as a possibly good plan, the dividing of each of our present road districts into ten qual parts, and that all the labor be concentrated on one of these parts each year, and thus secure at the end of a decade "splendid roads all over the State." It were a consummation devoutly to be wished, and, as Mr. Williams asserts, it would add immensely to the comfort and glory of the commonwealth. It would carry its blessing to every cottage. It would double the value of the lands remote from the cities and villages at once, by making them easy of access at all seasons of the year and bringing them near to market. The expense of building such a road would be about $2,000 per mile, and, consequently, the yearly cost for each section would be about $200, as each district is about one mile in extent. There is now expended in work from $50 to $100. To accomplish so noble an enterprise, the farmers could well afford to double this appropriation for ten years, as, after that time, a much less sum would be needed to keep the roads in repair. The manner of construction should be somewhat as follows:

The road-bed should be about 14 feet wide, slightly rounded, and properly graded. Then draw on stone from the fields, from two to three feet in thickness, according to the solidity of the road-bed; whether it is of gravel or loam, well packed together. The smaller stones should be well broken with the hammer and left sufficiently crowning to turn the water, and the whole made smooth by a slight covering of washed gravel, and this, rolled with an iron roller, would complete the job. This kept smooth with a roller and scraper would be a road worthy of the Empire State. Its width should be so great as to allow teams to pass each other easily. Its surface should be so smooth that teams may travel all over it, and not be obliged to follow each other in direct lines, making ugly ruts in a short time.

At the same meeting, Mr. Seoville suggested the following plan, and said he had adopted it with success in a small way on the road contiguous to his own land:

The centre of the road-bed should be excavated to a width of eight feet, and to a depth of a foot and a half at least. Then let this trench be filled with stone nearly to the level of the former roadway, always placing the largest stones at the bottom and the smaller ones on top, and it would be a very great advantage if there could be an addition of several inches of broken stone and top dressing of coarse and fine gravel. Such a road would be perfect in construction and enduring. The stone used for this purpose could be gathered from the neighboring fields, and thus get rid of those unsightly stone heaps and foul fence corners.

Profits of Cattle Raising.

W. G. Kingsbury, Esq., Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Agricultural Stock-raising and Industrial Association of Western Texas, in an article on cattle raising says: M. S. Culver, Gussetville, Nueces county, Texas, commenced working with Mr. J. T. James, in 1865, for a pro rata of the mavericks or stray cattle for the army, instead of regular wages. This gave him the first start in cattle. He then took a stock to attend to, for one third of the increase. Other parties gave him one dollar per head, for gathering their beeves, and fifty cents per head for branding their calves. He now has 7,000 head of cattle, 80 saddle horses, a good rancho, well improved with an inclosed pasture of 400 acres. This statement has been furnished by Mr. Alexander Coker, of Oakville, Live-oak county, an authority that no one in this country can doubt.

Mr. Culver is but the type of hundreds I might particularize throughout the country. His property now would be cheap at fifty thousand dollars specie, and if he lives ten years longer, will probably amount to over three hundred thousand dollars.

Thomas O'Connor, post office San Patricio, Texas, was discharged from the army of the Republic of Texas in 1837. His entire earthly possessions then consisted of a Spanish pony, saddle and bridle, two old bell pistols, one of which was broken off at the breech, and one rifle gun, all of which were much the worse for having been in constant use in obtaining our independence.

At this time, 1871, he has 80,000 head of cattle, worth $400,000; six leagues or 26,664 acres of valuable river land, all improved, cheap at $5 per acre, $233,-320; 500 head of saddle and stock horses worth $20,000; sent one drove of 1,025 beeves to Kansas this year, was largely interested in three other droves, and is shipping beeves by steamer to New Orleans all the time; has ready money on hand for all purposes of speculation, and lost eighteen negro men, worth $18,000, by emancipation. I wish to mention, for the benefit of my lady readers, that Mr. O'Connor is a widower, very good looking in the face, not a bad figure, and very susceptible.

How to Deal With Blackmailers.

The *Journal of Commerce* very sensibly says: We do not undertake to advise a person exactly what to do when a blackmailer calls to try his game upon him. We would not deliberately recommend throwing him out of a third or fourth story window into the street. If an honorable man is so transported with just indignation at the sight of a blackmailer as to be attacked with "temporary insanity," and should hurl the fellow through the window, sash and all, we think it would be hard to convict him of homicide. Similarly, if he should kick the scoundrel down three or four flights of stairs and give him a parting "raise" at the door, which would land him in a mud puddle in the middle of the street, we could safely insure him against excessive damages for assault and battery. Much must be pardoned to the glow of righteous wrath; and these summary processes do have the

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

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Any person sending us the names of six new subscribser, with ethcash, will receive the REPORTER one year free.

Increasing the Governor's Salary.

The following we clip from the legislative proceedings, of 8th:

After the reading of the journal, Mr. Smith (Pa.)read a bill to increase the Governor's salary to ten thousand dollars. The bill was going through on a viva voce vote, but on a call of the yeas and nays, it went over. This bill was reconsidered, the bill amended to nine thousand dollars per annum, and passed the House by a vote of 60 to 30.

How economical these radicals are, no sooner are Grant and Hartranft elected, then they propose to double their salaries. Do you see it, taxpayers?

The Bellefonte Republican, under W. W. Brown, last week bowed itself into our sanctum. We were right glad to see the old fellow after his four week's trance. Col. Brown claims that his is the true Bellefonte Republican, and that as such, he intends to run it, in spite of any Bellefonte Republican run by any other party. We hope the Brown "Republican" will find room enough to live, although it claims to have done one huge thing, i. e: "carried Centre county for Grant." Anybody who did that—and Brown says he did it—deserves the support of radicals. Brown promises to make his Republican spicy, and makes a strong appeal to to the Centre county radicals to stand by *his Republican* for the long service rendered by him heretofore.

The Bellefonte Republican, by two gentlemen from New York, named, E. T. & R. P. Tuten, made its appearance again last week, shape, heading, &c., looking same as of old, being printed upon the material lately used by Col. Brown. The proprietors of the Tuten "Republican" (there is now, also a Brown "Republican") promise it shall be a simon pure radical journal, pledged to all that Grant and Hartranft may do, and to stick to the party through thick and thin. Well, that's all right, only it takes a conscience made of the old fashioned gum-elastic to do that, and radical consciences seem to be made up altogether of that material. We wish the Messrs. Tuten success pecuniarily, but politically, all the disaster that can be heaped upon them and their party. Glad to see you in our midst, gentlemen.

Bellefonte, last week, gave birth to twins in the newspaper line, both radical bawlers, and both baptized the Bellefonte Republican, and each one claiming to be the simon pure Esau. As these are both radical sheets we leave the question of identity to the maids in the radical kitchen to decide which is Esau and which is Jacob.

But, if we were to give advice in the matter, we'd do it thus: The one to be named the "*Teton*" *Republican*, after the bogus indian tribe, which radical politicians at Washington invented, to rob the government out of an annual appropriation, and because this Tetun Republican promises to say amen to every thing radical.

The other might be called the "Dumpling Republican, which carried Centre county for Grant." We have no doubt that Brown's paper will be a little democratic in one thing, and go dead set against "carpet baggers."

Well, we'll look on.

At the election in Clearfield county, a few days ago, on the question of local option, less than half the vote of the county was polled, viz: For license 926, against 1406—majority against 480.

Gov. Geary will soon be bowed out of the executive chamber. We predict that he will not be heard of again between that and the presidency.

Massachusetts is getting warm on the United States senator question in place of vice president Wilson. Dawes and Boutwell would each like to get into Wilson's shoes, and the friends of these gentlemen are getting lively.

P. Gray Meek was a candidate for a clerkship, in the house, at the organization of the legislature, last week.

"And ole Virginny never tire."

In the constitutional convention nothing new has transpired. We see that Mr. M'Allister had a resolution passed to give the woman suffragists a hearing on some evening. We doubt whether Mack believes in it, or whether any of the sisters will be able to enlighten him much upon it. Mr. M'Allister has also reported a resolution making the state elections come on the same day with presidential election. That's proper.

Many of our exchanges are scolding Grant for having his hotel bill, while attending Greeley's funeral, charged to New York city—one of the items being $19 for wine. Well, now, we don't know but what Grant only followed a custom still prevalent in many sections, even in Centre county, where funerals are the occasion of a great dinner, and all who attend get it free—we have known persons to go six and eight miles on foot, to funerals, just because a free dinner was to be had—and Grant only followed this custom, and only travelled from Washington to New York to get his free dinner, with wine, in attending the funeral of Horace Greeley. Wine is not generally on the bill upon such occasions, but as the president is known to be fond of it, why should he not have it, and besides why should not the city of New York settle his little bill of $19 for the article? Who knows, but what, when Grant was yet an obscure tanner, up in Galena, that he was in the habit of attending funerals and learned the rules, and for him to go back on his early training, and have his dinner and item of $19 for wine not settled for by the rich city of New York, would be shocking to think of and would have hurt his feelings powerfully not to get a free dinner as is the custom where ther's a "berryin."

The Constitutional Convention, at its adjournment on 9th, reached the following resolutions from the Committee on Suffrage:

Mr. McAllister, Chairman of the Committee on Suffrage, Elections and Representation, submitted a partial report upon the subjects committed to them, proposing amendments to the Constitution as follows:

Sec. 1. The general election shall be held on the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November, but the Legislature may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of each House consenting thereto.

Sec. 2. All elections for city, ward, borough and township officers, for regular term of service, shall be held on the third Friday of March.

Gov. Geary in his message favors compulsory education and compulsory vaccination.

—There is a project on foot to form a new county out of parts of Schuylkill, Northumberland and Columbia, with Ashland as the county seat.

Another Repeater Pardoned.

Philadelphia, Jan. 6.—When Gen. Grant made his speech from the balcony of the Continental Hotel last fall he agreed to do all in his power to aid in carrying the State for Hartranft. He has not forgotten his promise, as his pardon, on Friday last, of James A. Brown attests. This Brown is a member of the paid fire department, a fireman by reputation and a repeater by record. During the election in October Brown went from his ward, the fifth, up to the Ninth and offered to vote upon the name of J. H. Hood, giving his residence as 917 Chestnut street. The Democratic inspector knew both Brown and Hood, and challenged him. Brown thereupon took the Bible and swore that he was J. H. Hood, and that he resided where stated. The Radical judge of the election ordered the ballot put into the box, and Brown got into a carriage and drove away, doubtless to repeat elsewhere. Subsequently Brown was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment at labor for eighteen months. *He* was sentenced on the 14th of December, and on the 3rd of January he was pardoned by the President, and on Saturday released from prison. Had the President refused a pardon Brown would have implicated those whom Grant would shield even to pardoning this perjurer and repeater. Grant's conception of the civil-service reform will probably induce him to promote Brown to a guager in the Custom-house, or livery clerk in the Post-office.

Judah P. Benjamin.

A London correspondent of the Boston Globe states that it is not at all unlikely that Mr. Benjamin, ex-Confederate Attorney-General, will be elevated to a judgeship sooner or later. He is at this moment one of the most successful advocates at the English bar, with an enormous and growing practice. The appointment of a barrister of foreign decent to so high an office would be very unusual, if not unprecedented, in Great Britain. Mr. Benjamin is a man of brilliant ability as an advocate, and was surpassed by very few as an orator when he sat in our national councils; his speech on retiring from the Senate, just before the war, was one of great power, not soon to be forgotten by those who heard it. He is of Jewish extraction, and if promoted to the English bench, will be the first of that faith to occupy a high judicial position there Were he to become Lord Chief Justice, and Mr. Dasraelf again Premier, the singular spectacle would be exhibited of Jewish heads of the English administration and the English law.

SALARIES.

It is rumored, says the Pittsburg Post, that Congress is about to increase the salaries of all the officeholders. This has been the mode for the last twelve years, the President's salary has always been $25,000 a year but Congress has got into the way of appropriating money in that direction so as now to make it about $80,000. Ten or twelve years ago Members of Congress sat about 180 and 90 days each alternate year, made a sum equivalent to about $1,100 per annum—now they get $5,000 and the mileage of eight dollars for every twenty miles traveled is still kept up—the members from Oregon each drawing, besides their salaries, $5000 a year, more for traveling expenses!

The tendency to screw money out of the people for the benefit of office-holders is growing everywhere. The members of the legislature—when we had good ones, too—used to draw three dollars a day; now it amounts to over three times that amount. The Governor used to have $3,000 a year and pay his own house rent, now he has a house supplied by the State and salary of $5,000; and it is said that Geary quarreled with a Senator for objecting to paying $1000 out of the State Treasury for a grand piano for the governor's parlor!

Here we have $5,000 a year paid to our Judges as an extra gift—not by the State, but by the county; and the city councils seem disposed to be equally generous with other people's—the increase of salary mania have seized those bodies in a manner which should attract public attention.

The pretext for incressing salaries at Washington, arises out of the alleged cost of living there. Everybody in Washington apes the style of everybody else. The British government pays its representative $25,000 a year, and our small salaries do not permit our people to give as grand entertainments as those given by the English embassador. Now it used to be the idea that people paid government officers for duties performed—for work done; not to enable them to ape the representatives of foreign governments in grand dinners costing thousands of dollars. The Americans were wont to pride themselves upon the Republican simplicity of their great officers of State. Brown and Macomb and Scott when commanding in chief used to draw about four or five thousand dollars a year—probably less than that—Now Sherman has four or five times that sum; and that circumstance is used as an argument in favor of doubling the President's salary. That is the way it works—One salary increased and you are told you must increase the others.

"Retrenchment and Reform" was a powerful watchword once. We would much like to discover whether there is a cord in the popular heart which would respond to the touch of economy now.

It is dangerous business to oppose Senator Pomeroy in Kansas. An organ alludes to a presumptuous rival for the United States Senatorship in this complimentary way: "Who is this glib-tongued, pompous critic, who writes insulting letters to editors and marks them private—this model of purity and frankness, who seems to hold the vice of hypocrisy in such special abhorrence? Who is he? Trot him out. Let the admiring world take a squint at him. Why, it's Kalloch—Isaac S. Kalloch—the man who started as a Christian minister in Maine, and has come out as a licensed liquor-saloon keeper in Lawrence. He is a pretty creature to talk about hypocrisy. He's a lovely creature to get up in a Christian church and read off his old pious lecture on John Bunyan, and then go out and fill his own skin with whiskey, and make drunkards of the young men of the town."

Erie to Sue Vanderbilt.

The present Erie administration having succeeded so well with Gould in the transfer of money and securities held by him as President of the Erie Railway Company to the amount of $9,500,000, is about to turn its attention to Commodore Vanderbilt and see what it can do toward compelling him to refund all or a portion of the money alleged to have been wrongfully obtained by him from the Company.

The suit was begun some time ago but has suffered from the usual delays of the law, and has dropped out of public notice. It was begun in behalf of the Erie Railway Company by Messrs. Field and Shearman, but on the transfer of other business to the administration of the Company the legal matters passed into the hands of Barlow, Larocque & Macfarland, the present counsel of the Company who contemplate pressing the matter vigorously in view of their recent success with Gould. If they should be successful, their efforts will add $4,500,000 to the Erie treasury. The complaint upon which the action is based was sworn to by the late James Fisk, jr.

The November Atmospheric Wave.

The *Nation* gives an explanation of what is known as the "November Atmospheric Wave," or the sudden annual change which we call the "cold snap." The change itself is the transfer of cold descending air from the oceans to the continents; its cause is the change in the position of the greatest relative heat. The suddenness of the change is explained as follows: Descending air is constantly increasing in capacity for moisture, which causes a steady disappearance of the clouds, renders haze impossible, and thus uncovers the surface to unrestrained radiation into space and night, and the reverse is true of ascending air. The proximate cause of every sudden fall of temperature is said to be the advent of a group of spots upon the sun's disc. The direction of this "atmospheric wave" is explained as follows:

The cause of the eastward motion of these semi-annual phenomena is of all other elements of weather in the temperate zones, and of the westward movement within the tropics, will be clear only to those who understand why the water opposite our moon masses itself behind by the more rapid movement of the solid part of the earth toward the moon (because the solid part, averaged at the center, is nearer the moon), so the air above the torrid zone is left behind by the more rapidly westerly motion of the solid earth beneath it, and that always appears to be itself moving from the east (trade wind). For the atmosphere rotates (by a force which is known, but need not here be stated) independently of the earth, and independently one portion of another; while the earth must move altogether, and thus the surface of the torrid zone move faster, and the temperate zone slower than either would move if liquid or independent of its neighbors. The average velocity of rotation is near latitude 30, where air and earth move at equal pace. North of this latitude we may regard our prevailing westerwinds as (approximately) illustrating a more natural rate of rotation, while we are retarded by being so near the axis—approximately merely, for the enormously superior friction of solid over gas compels the atmosphere to conform almost entirely to the velocity of the surface. All extensive atmospheric phenomena, then, must in the temperate zones move from east to west (unless propagated backwards, as frequently happens, but not in relation to this topic) along with the air in which they are involved. Hence a movement from an ocean to a continent will always be directed toward the continent next east of the ocean. Other causes conspire with the one above stated, but this is the most comprehensive cause.

LONDON, January 4.—The ex-Emperor Napoleon has been suffering for some time from symptoms indicating the existence of stone in the bladder. The presence of a large stone having been demonstrated, on Thursday the patient underwent the first operation for its removal by lithotoity.

The London papers of this morning announce that the operation was successful, and that up to last night the condition of the patient was encouraging, no unfavorable symptoms being developed.

Napoleon's Death.

Last Moments of the Emperor—An Affecting Scene—Adherents of the Empire Flocking to Chiselhurst—Preparations for the Funeral.

Several operations were performed last week upon the ex-emperor Napoleon for stone in the bladder. The first and second operations were thought to have been successful and a third one was to have been performed, but the previous operations proved too much, and death soon overtook him, as the intelligence below shows;

LONDON, January 10.—The Empress Eugenie and all the household of Chiselhurst were present at the bedside of Napoleon when he died. The Emperor showed slight signs of consciousness towards his last moments, and spoke to the Empress twice in a very feeble tone of voice. The last indication of life was a smile. When the Empress knelt and kissed her dying husband, she was completely overcome by her emotions, and fainted at the bedside. The Prince Imperial, who had been summoned by telegraph from Woolwich, arrived at Chiselhurst fifteen minutes after the death of the Emperor. He was greatly affected, and kissed the face of his dead father several times. The Emperor died peacefully. He passed away without the slightest sign of pain. His death is attributed to syncope or embolism. A post mortem examination of the remains is to be made to-day.

Eugenie knelt at the bedside several hours after the death of the Emperor, engaged in prayer. Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, sent a message of condolence to the Empress.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Teck visited Chiselhurst yesterday.

The remains of the Emperor will probably be placed temporarily in St. Mary's church.

Napoleon's will appoints the ex-empress Eugenie, Cardinal Bonaparte, and Rouher guardians of the Prince. The Courts of Austria and England have decided to wear mourning for ten days. The whole family are now assembled at Chiselhurst, with the exception of Cardinal Bonaparte, who is expected to arrive on Tuesday. The ex-Empress has received letters of condolence from the Emperor of Russia and the King of Italy.

The French Government is reported willing to permit the interment of Napoleon's body in France, provided the funeral be strictly private and the deceased be buried as ex-Emperor and not Emperor.

The funeral of the Emperor took place at Chislehurst, on Wednesday, 15th.

A TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE.

A Town in India Destroyed—One Thousand and Seven Hundred Lives Lost—More Damaged Feared in the Country.

LONDON, January 13.—A dispatch from Bombay says that a report has reached that city that a terrible earthquake occurred at Soonghur, a town in India, in a detached district of the Rarada dominions, one hundred and fourteen miles north of Bombay. Fifteen hundred persons are said to have been killed in one town alone. Nothing has been heard from the surrounding country, but it has feared that there is much additional loss of life.

GOV. GEARY'S ANNUAL MESSAGE.

The Financial Situation—Fiscal Reforms Proposed—A Geological Survey Recommended.

Harrisburg, Jan. 8.—Gov. Geary has transmitted his annual message to the Legislature. He begins by observing that the mining indrustries, manufacturies, and internal commerce of the State are being constantly enlarged and extended, and their enterprising proprietors are generally receiving remunerative returns.

Regarding the finances of Pennsylvania, he says: "The credit of the State remains unquestioned abroad, because her public faith has been inviolably maintained at home." The total sum received in the State Treasury during the year ending Nov. 3, 1872, was $8,625,446 04; the annual disbursements amounted to $7,142,990 43, leaving a balance on hand of $1,482,455 61. The public debt account of the State stands as follows:

Public debt, Nov. 30, 1872	$27,307,494 64
Deduct assets in Sinking Fund	25,600 00
And cash balance in Treasury	1,482,455 61
Amount of assets and cash	19,782,455 61
Balance of public debt unprovided for	$16,551,039 03

which can be extinguished in 10 years by the annual payment of $1,600,000. During the last six years payments on the debt have been $10,992,662 54, being a little over 29 per cent on the debt due Dec. 1, 1866, which was then $37,704,409 77. The Governor makes the following important remarks on taxation:

Heretofore on several occasions I have invited the attention of the Legislature to the importance of adopting a more liberal policy toward those citizens who are engaged in industrial enterprises which employ large numbers of workingmen and tend to develop the resources of the Commonwealth. Involving great risks, and requiring for their successful conduct a large amount of capital, these operations have been, in the main, conducted by means of associations, organized under the general laws which regulate the incorporation. The laws, while they resemble in their principal features the liberal systems in force in other States, fail in their ostensible purpose of encouraging manufacturing industry, because the privileges they grant are enormously burdened with taxation.

This may be illustrated, by supposing the case of 20 persons, who each subscribe $5,000 to the stock of a company organized for the purpose of producing oil, or mining ore or coal, or manufacturing cotton or woolen goods, iron, steel, or any other commodity. The fund thus created must be expended in lands, buildings and permanent improvements, which are taxable for all purposes to the same extent as if they were owned by an individual operator. In addition to this the company must pay a bonus of one-fourth of one per cent to the Commonwealth upon its stock amounting to the sum of $250. It is thereafter liable to an annual tax upon its capital stock at the rate of one-half mill for each one per cent of dividends made or declared. In case of no dividends having been made or declared, then three mills upon the appraised value of the stock. Also, a tax of 3 per cent upon the entire amount of net earnings or income. Also, a tax of 5 per cent on all interest paid to bondholders and other creditors.

An individual wealthy enough to furnish $100,000 in similar business would be wholly free from these exactions. The State imposes none of these burdens upon him. It does not keep an espionage upon his business, or demand from sworn statements of his annual profits. It discriminates in his favor against the association of small capitalists which it professes to encourage. And without sharing in any of the stockholders' risks, it makes itself a partner in their profits and follows them with a grasping hand, and a never-ceasing official vigilance of an inquisitorial character over their affairs." The Governor concludes his observations on this subject by recommending the repeal of all State taxes upon capital stock, net earnings and dividends of manufacturing, mining, and improvement companies and of all cooperative associations. He supports this recommendation by citing the example of New England, and by pointing out the liberal and encouraging laws of Western and Southern States.

With a laudable pride in the great resources of his State, the Governor strongly recommends a geological survey; and referring to this subject, and on the new Bureau of Labor Statistics and Agriculture, which is also calculation to make known the material wealth of Pennsylvania, he says:

When it is remembered that Pennsylvania ranks second in population, second in manufactures, sixth as a wheat growing State, and first in point of mineral wealth and resources, among the States of the Union, it should not be a question of dollars and cents whether her vast and varied resources shall be left to be developed by the slow process of casual discovery, or be properly introduced to the notice of capitalists at home and abroad, by authorized and official statements of facts.

The information that will be furnished will not only be of great practical value to the citizens of the State, but it will afford the representatives of the people, who are charged from year to year with the responsibilities of legislation, the best and most compendious source of information, the importance of which can only be estimated by experience.

Pennsylvania stands preeminent for her mineral resources, possessing, as she does, the only known anthracite coal fields, of any consequence, while her iron ores and oil are a source of inexhaustible wealth, that defies computation. A few items only are necessary to prove the correctness of these remarks. The production of coal from the anthracite regions, in 1820, was 365 tuns; in 1870 it reached the enormous amount of 19,931,585 tuns, and it is estimated that the product will be swelled in 1872 to upward of 22,000,000 tuns. If the increase in the production of anthracite coal has been so wonderful and rapid in a period of 52 years, who can estimate its growth within the next half century? The product of our bituminous coal fields, in 1870, foots up 14,068,465 tuns. The two make an aggregate of 34,020,050 tuns for that year.

Meanwhile, the developments and growth of the oil production of the northwestern counties almost challenges the credulity of our people. From August, 1859, when Drake sunk the first well, to the close of 1864, the production was 221,000,000 gallons, yeilding the sum of $20,820,000. In 1864, about 62,000,000 gallons were refined, the average price of which, in bond, at New-York (62 cents per gallon) gave a value of $38,440,000. The entire production, up to 1868, was 327,692,524 gallons, equal to 8,496,339 barrels of crude oil.

There is no doubt the future reports of the Commissioner will disclose an equally rapid increase in the production of oil, and other facts it not less gratifying.

The remunerative prices paid at present for pig metal are inducing the erection of a large number of first-class furnaces, which will materially increase the wealth of the State, and give a new impetus to other branches of business dependent upon their products for active and profitable results in the near future. * * * * The golden destiny of the Pacific States may well be envied; but our coal, ore, oil, lumber and soil are a much better foundation for wealth and permanent greatness than the product of all their placers, and the transient prosperity they have produced. Let us build upon an enduring basis and the world will forever pay a golden tribute to our products and industries—the true wealth of Pennsylvania.

The Governor gives prominence to the subject of education. The public schools are prosperous, and the gratifying progress which they have made is cleary indicated by comparing the expenditures of the last six years with those of the six years prior to 1867, viz:

Total cost for tuition from 1867 to 1872	$21,578,258 71
Total cost for tuition from 1861 to 1866	12,745,061 71
Increase	$8,833,196 99
Total expenditures of the system from 1867 to 1872	$42,952,152 11
Total expenditures of the system from 1861 to 1866	19,590,149 51
Increase	$23,361,902 60

There are, however, important reforms required, the need for which he thus points out:

Fortunately the old prejudice against the public school system no longer exists, but indifference, to a lamentable extent, occupies its place. From the report of the Superintendent it appears that the number of children in the State who do not attend school exceeds 75,000. This criminal neglect is most prevalent in the cities. In Philadelphia 12 per cent of the children between the ages of 5 and 15 years do not attend school. But more significant and alarming still, of the whole number registered as attendants 46 per cent are absent from the daily sessions. In the State at large the unregistered amount to 6 per cent, and the absentees to 33 per cent. And, as was naturally to be expected, the resulting ignorance from this neglect has proved a fruitful source of crime. Sixteen per cent of the inmates of the State prisons are unable to read.

After careful and anxious deliberation upon all the facts, and their inevitable consequences, I recommend the adoption of a compulsory system of education. That a law to this effect will encounter objections is not to be doubted; for in view of the probability of such a measure, its opponents have already commenced to marshal their forces.

Gov Geary refers to the ravages of small-pox and calls for precautionary measures. He says: I earnestly recommend the passage of an act providing for compulsory vaccination, which should have such penalties annexed as would insure its undoubted enforcement. I also recommend as enactment establishing a State Board of Health, whose functions shall be discharged under the auspices of the Legislature.

The Governor makes appropriate reference to the death of Gov. Johnston and Gen Meade, and recommends an appropriation for a monument to the memory of the latter, to be erected at Gettysburg. He recommends an increase of the Governor's salary to $10,000 per annum, to take effect when his successor goes into office. He approves of the measures taken to improve the Ohio River and its tributaries, and favores an appropriation of $3,000 to aid in defraying the expenses of the Commission formed for that purpose. He also cordialy arproves of the proposed Centennial Celebration and International Exhibition, and observes:

The quota of stock allcted to Pennsylvania will be promptly taken, and more than this its people cannot do, until the hundred days, prior to the organization of the Board of Finance, in which the subscription books are required to be kept open in each State and Territory shall have elapsed; after which time any stock not taken should, if not called for by others, be promptly subscribed by our citizens.

He recommends a special donation from the State in aid of the Centennial Celebration; also, an appropriation for the erection of suitable buildings for the exhibition and concludes by soliciting the cordial cooperation of the General Assembly for his successor.

"THE LOST ARTS."

LECTURE BY WENDELL PHILLIPS

(Continued.)

Teachings from Glass.

I had heard that nothing had been observed in ancient times which could be called by the name of glass; that there had been merely attempts to imitate it. I thought that they had proved the proposition; they certainly had elaborated it.

In Pompeii, a dozen miles south of Naples, which was covered with ashes by Vesuvious 1800 years ago, they broke into a room full of glass; there was ground-glass window-glass, cut-glass, and colored glass of every variety. It was undoubtedly a glass-maker's factory. So the lie and the refutation came face to face.

It was like a pamphlet printed in London, in 1836, by Dr. Lardner, which proved that a steamboat could not cross the ocean, and the book came to this country in the first steamboat that came across the Atlantic.

The chemistry of the most ancient period had reached a point which we have never even approached and which we in vain struggle to reach to-day. Indeed, the whole management of the effect of light on glass is still a matter of profound study. The first two stories which I have to offer you are simply stories from history.

The first is from the letters of the Catholic priests who broke into China, which were published in France just 200 years ago. They were shown a glass, transparent and colorless, which was filled with a liquor made by the Chinese, that was shown to the observers and appeared to be colorless, like water. This liquor was poured into the glass, and then, looking through it, it seemed to be filled with fishes.

They turned this out and repeated the experiment, and again it was filled with fish. The Chinese confessed that they did not make them; that they were the plunder of some foreign conquest. This is not a singular thing in Chinese history, for in some of their scientific discoveries we have found evidence that they did not make them, but stole them.

The second story, of half a dozen, certainly five, relates to the age of Tiberius, the time of St. Paul, and tells of a Roman who had been banished and who returned to Rome, bringing a wonderful cup. This cup he dashed upon the marble pavement and it was crushed, not broken, by the fall. It was dented some, and with a hammer he easily brought it into shape again.

It was brilliant, transparent, but not brittle. I had a wine-glass when I made this talk in New Haven, and among the audience was the owner, Prof. Silliman. He was kind enough to come to the platform when I had ended, and say that he was familiar with most of my facts; but, speaking of malleable glass, he had this to say—that it was nearly a natural impossibility, and that no amount of evidence which could be brought would make him credit it.

Well, the Romans got their chemistry from the Arabians; they brought it into Spain eight centuries ago, and in their books of that age they claim that they got it from the Arabians malleable glass. There is a kind of glass spoken of there that, if supported by one end, by its own weight in 20 hours would dwindle down to a fine line, and that you could curve it around your wrist. Von Beust—the Chancellor of Austria—has ordered secrecy in Hungary in regard to a recently discovered process by which glass can be used exactly like wool, and manufactured into cloth.

These are a few records. When you go to Rome they will show you a bit of glass like the solid rim of this tumbler—a transparent glass, a solid thing, which they lift up so as to show you that there is nothing concealed, but in the centre of the glass, is a drop of colored glass, perhaps as large as a pea, mottled like a duck, finely mettled with the shifting colored hues of the neck, and which even a miniature pencil could not do more perfectly.

It is manifest that this drop of liquid glass must have been poured, because there is no joint. This must have been done by a greater heat than the annealing process, because that process shows break.

He spoke also of the imitation of gems. They deceived not only the lay people, but the connoisseurs were also cheated. Some of these imitations in later years have been discovered.

He referred to the celebrated vase of the Geneva Cathedral, a vase which was considered a solid emerald. The Roman Catholic legend of it was that it was one of the treasures that the Queen of Sheba gave to Solomon, and that it was the identical cup out of which the Savior ate the Last Supper. Columbus must have admired it.

It was venerable in his day; it was death at that time for anybody to touch it but a Catholic priest. And when Napoleon besieged Genoa—I mean the Great Napoleon, not the present little fellow—it was offered by the Jews to loan the Senate $3,000,000 on that single article as security.

Napoleon took it and carried it to France and gave it to the Institute. In a fool's night, somewhat reluctantly, the scholars said: "It is not a stone; we hardly know what it is."

Excellent Per se.

Cicero said that he had seen the entire Iliad, which is a poem as large as the New Testament, written on skin so that it could be rolled up in the compass of a nut-shell. Now this is inperceptible to the ordinary eye. You have seen the Declaration of Independence in the compass of a quarter of a dollar, written with glasses.

I have to-day a paper at home as long as half my hand, on which was photographed the whole contents of a London newspaper. It was put under a dove's wing and sent into Paris, where they enlarged it and read the news. This copy of the Iliad must have been made by some such process. In the Roman theater—the Coliseum, which could seat 100,000 people—the Emperor's box, raised to the highest tier, bore about the same proportion to the space as this stand does to this hall, and to look down to the center of a six-acre lot, was to look a considerable distance.

Considerable, by the way, is not a Yankee word. Lord Chesterfield uses it in his letters to his son, so it has a good English origin. Pliny says that Nero, the tyrant, had a ring with a gem in it which he looked through and watched the sword play of the gladiators—men who killed each other to amuse the people—more clearly than with the naked eye. So Nero had an opera-glass.

So Mauritius, the Sicilian, stood on the promontory of his island, and could sweep over the entire sea to the coast of Africa with his *norscopite*, which is a word derived from two Greek words, meaning to see a ship. Evidently Mauritius, who was a pirate, had a marine telescope. You may visit Dr. Abbot's museum, where you will see the ring of Cheops. Boonson puts him at 500 years before Christ.

The signet of the ring is about the size of a quarter of a dollar, and the engraving is invisible without the aid of glasses. No man was ever shown into the cabinets of gems in Italy without being furnished with a microscope to look at them. It would be idle for him to look at them without one.

He could'nt appreciate the delicate lines and the expression of the faces. If you go to Parma they will show you a gem once worn on the finger of Michael Angelo, of which the engraving is 2,000 years old, on which there are the figures of seven women. You must have the aid of a glass in order to distinguish the forms at all.

I have a friend who has a ring, perhaps, three quarters of aninch in diameter and on it is the naked figure of the god Hercules. By the aid of glasses you can distinguish the interlacing muscles, and count every separate hair on the eye-brows.

Layard says he would be unable to read the engravings on Nineveh without strong spectacles, they are so extremely small. Rawlinson brought home a stone about 20 inches long and 10 wide, containing an entire treatise on mathematics. It would be perfectly illegible without glasses.

Now, if we are unable to read it without the aid of glasses, you may suppose the man who engraved it had pretty strong spectacles. So, the microscope, instead of dating from our time, finds its brothers in the Books of Moses—and these are infant brothers.

The Old Dyes.

So if you take colors. Color is, we say, an ornament. We dye our dresses and ornament our furniture. It is an ornament to gratify the eye; but the Egyptians impressed it into a new service. For them it was a method of recording history,

Some parts of their history were written; but when they wanted to elaborate history they painted it. Their colors are immortal, else we could not know of it. We find upon the stucco of their walls their kings holding court, their armies marching out, their craftsmen in the ship-yard with the ships floating in the dock, and in fact we trace all their rites and customs painted in undying colors.

The French who went to Egypt with Napoleon said that all the colors were perfect except the greenish white, which is the hardest for us. They had no difficulty with the Tyrian purple. The burned City of Pompeii was a city of stucco. All the houses are stucco outside, and it is stained with Tyrian purple—the royal color of antiquity.

But you never can rely on the name of a color after a thousand years. So, the Tyrian purple is almost a red—about the color of these curtains. This is a city of all red. It had been buried 1,700 years, and if you take a shovel now and clear away the ashes this color flames upon you, a great deal richer than anything we can produce.

You can go down into the narrow vault which Nero built him as a retreat from the great heat, and you will find the walls painted all over with fanciful designs in arabesque, which have been buried beneath the earth 1,500; years but when the peasants light it up with their torches, the colors flash out before you as fresh as they were in the days of St. Paul.

Your fellow-citizen, Mr. Page, spent twelve years in Venice, studying Titian's method of mixing his colors, and he thinks he has got it. Yet come down from Titian, whose colors are wonderfully and perfectly fresh, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and although his colors are not yet a hundred years old, they are fading; the color on his lips are dying out, and the cheeks are losing their tints. He did not know how to mix well.

All this mastery of color is as yet unequaled. If you should go with that most delightful of all lecturers, Prof. Tyndall, he would show you in the spectrum the vanishing rays of violet, and prove to you that beyond their limit there are rays still more delicate and to you invisible, but which he, by chemical paper will make visible; and he will tell you that probably, though you see three or four inches more than 300 years ago your predecessors did, yet 300 years after our successors will surpass our limit.

The French have a theory that there is a certain delicate shade of blue that Europeans cannot see. In one of his lectures to his students, Ruskin opened his Catholic mass book and said: "Gentlemen, we are the best chemists in the world. No Englishman ever could doubt that. But we cannot make such a scarlet as that, and even if we could it would not last for 20 years. Yet this is 500 years ago!"

The Frenchman says; "I am the best dyer in Europe; nobody can equal me, and nobody can surpass Lyons." Yet in Cashmere, where the girls make shawls worth $30,000, they will show him 300 distinct colors which he not only cannot make but cannot even distinguish.

When I was in Rome, if a lady wished to wear a half dozen colors at a masquerade and have them all in harmony, she would go to the Jews, for the Oriental eye is better than even those of France or Italy, which we think so high.

(Concluded next week.)

FURNITURE!

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All kinds of repairing done with neatness and dispatch having four good workmen at the bench. I am prepared to do all kinds of custom work, fine or common.

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jan12.tf.

1873. THE WORLD. 1873.

A new political era is opening before the country.

The negro-cycle of our politics has ended in its conclusion through civil war, social violence, industrial disorder, and has ended is giving freedom to four millions of the negro race, and the ballot to its adult males.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

The politics of this new era will come home to every man's business and bosom as never before, being vital to private prosperity and the maintenance of a Democratic Republic.

For not only are the manifold encroachments of Federal upon State powers and of both upon the large liberty of American freemen now as always to be replied with ceaseless vigilance; not only is home rule or local self-government now as always to be maintained for the best guarantee of civil liberty and of national greatness, but besides, the victories of peace which are to give splendor to the political era must be won against every advantage which even enemies of free institutions could desire or possess.

A gigantic Debt, which the honor of the country is pledged to pay, encumbers all our industries with its oppressive burden. Nevertheless our systems of Municipal and State Taxation are crude, unequal, and defraud the poor to release the rich. Nevertheless our system of Federal Taxation is such an infamous masterpiece of ignorance and incapacity, put to the vile uses of monopolists and favorites and thieves, as never anywhere has disgraced modern civilization since Louis XIV., with his methods of taxation rather than its amount, paralyzed the industries of France. And along with the Tariff, which prohibits the export of our manufactures, abridges the number of our industries, cuts down the profit upon the exports from all our farms, plantations, and mines; abolishes our shipping from off the high seas, and filches $6 from the people's pockets every time it puts $1 into the U. S. Treasury,—along with this engine of oppression, stupidity, and fraud goes a Currency of fluctuating value as the measure of values in every act of domestic exchange.

Whatever parties may arise or fall, whatever their defeats or triumphs, and whatever their names, THE WORLD now and always will remain the unflinching champion of a

Liberal, Progressive Democracy,

whereof Freedom defended and defined by Justice, is the polar-star.

As a vehicle of News, THE WORLD will spare no expense, no energy, to maintain and advance its place in the first rank of metropolitan journals. Its fresh, abundant, various, and accurate news, comprising the whole circle of current intelligence and literature, will be discussed as becomes a Trustworthy Organ of Opinion, with candor, with steady devotion to sound public and private morals, with special knowledge for special themes, and with various and wide-reaching apprehension of the manifold interests of men and women in their homes, their market-places, their workshops, and their farms.

THE WEEKLY WORD

is our great edition (Wednesday) for the country. It contains: 1. The Latest Prices (telegraphed from all the Markets of the United States) of Live Stock, Country Produce, General Produce of every kind, and of Money, Stocks, and Freights in New York and Europe. 2. The Farmers' Page, with all the doings of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, letters from practical farmers, and scientific discussions on profitable farming. 3. A Page for the Family Circle, of lively and pure reading. 4. All the news in concise summary.

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1 copy $2.
5 copies $7, and World Almanac.
10 " $12 and Weekly World, 1 year.
20 " $20 and Weekly World, 1 year.
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Extra Premiums.

(1.) $500 *will be given to the gentleman from whom we receive previous to the 31st March next the money at our club rates for the largest number (not less than five hundred) of subscribers for one year to the* WEEKLY WORLD.

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contains (Tuesday and Friday) all the contents of the Weekly and all the cream of the Daily.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY JAN, 16, 1873.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week; by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

—Gov. Geary has our thanks for a copy of his last annual message.

—A small two-story house, on "skeets," was moved about two squares, in our town, last Thursday. 12 horses did the pulling. Advice—when you want to move a house, do it when sleding is good.

—Sheriff Shafer advertises for sale, Jan. 27th, Real estate of Centre Hall Manufacturing Comp. Lot of John W. Simpson, Port Matilda. Lands of C. K. Essington, Milesburg. Lot and building of James and Catherine Dolan, Bellefonte. Tract of land of Geo. M. Keplar, Ferguson twp. The Pleasant Gap hotel of G. Haag. House and lot of J. A. Winter, of Unionville. Seven tracts of land of Joseph Develing, in Curtin twp. House and lot of T. J. Gates, in Spring twp. Philipsburg Baptist church. Lot of J. H. Hahn, Milesburg. House and lot of John Meese, Boalsburg.

—Samuel Baker, a farmer, aged about 60 years, residing with Mr. Swartzlander in Buffalo twp., Union county, attempted to commit suicide on the 8th inst., by cutting his throat with a pocket knife. Two or three severe gashes attest his energy, but there is probability of his recovery.—*Telegraph.*

—The streets resembled rivulets on Friday. So says the Lock Republican. We suppose they were all drinking gin that day.

—We omitted to mention in the obituary notice of the death of D. C. Holloway, last week, that Rev. Leckie preached a funeral sermon in the English language, followed by Rev. Sahm, in German. The omission was caused by one of the compositors.

—The newspapers down in Williamsport have got so mixed up recently, by frequent changes, that they don't know themselves any more. One of the quill drivers got "a drap" and was found hugging a lamp post, and was heard mumbling to himself "Am I Ami Ami, if I ain't, who the deuce am I?"

—The counsel of the murderer Stokes is busily engaged in preparing a bill of exceptions, which is to be laid before the court. It would not surprise us in the least if the assassin, who appears to have lots of cash, is yet permitted to escape through some loop-hole.

—A liquor dealer of Williamsport declared that $100,000 had reached Harrisburg to effect the repeal of the local option law this winter.

We direct the attention of the people of this side of the county to the annual statement of the Pennsvalley Fire Ins. Comp. Our citizens can not help but peruse the exhibit of the affairs of our home company with pride, as being in the healthiest possible condition and as worthy their support in preference to all other companies for purposes of insurance. The company has now been in existence 15 years, and in all that time not a dollar has been misapplied, its expenditures showing a more economical administration than those of any company in existence for the same length of time, or even during any less term of years intermediate. We trust that those of our people who have been disposed to feel prejudiced against the company, will see that there was no foundation for the least dissatisfaction, either now, or at any period since its incorporation, and we defy a successful rebutation of this assertion. Being a local company its premium notes amount to such a sum that it is not possible for any fire to occur of a magnitude to bankrupt it, A prominent citizen of Gregg twp., who was insured in two other "popular" companies, to the amount of $4,800, in 1872 paid taxes on the same amounting to $110.25. The same gentleman was insured in our own home company to the amount of $21,980, and, in the same year, 1872, paid only $60.85; and the year 1872 was one of the heaviests of our company for losses. Let those who have been insured in other companies examine their receipts, and they will find themselves paying the same excesses. Further comment upon this important fact is unnecessary, and we trust it will convince those who have deserted their local company for outside ones, of their folly, a folly which many are now free to acknowledge they have dearly paid for. But let our people read the annual statement in another column of the REPORTER and be true to themselves, their neighbors and their own locality, by supporting a company at home that in every particular is worthy their confidence.

—The weather all last week was intensely cold; it is more moderate this week; on Tuesday we had a thaw and a little snow at night. There has been good sleighing for several weeks.

—Rev. Miller commenced a protracted meeting in the Luth. church of this place. Rev. A. A. Kerlin commenced the services by a sermon on Sunday evening.

—Every one can do his own puffing now, and to suit his tastes, by purchasing his cigars, tobacco and pipes at Hiram Hoffer's, in the Conrad House, where smokers and chewers all go who wish to get a fine article. The lovers of the weed find every variety there, besides all other article belonging to that line of trade.

—Never fail to visit Hoffer Bro's store, when at Bellefonte. It is there you find the largest and best assortment of goods. They sell cheap, and never fail to satisfy their customers that they get the full worth of their money. Hoffer Bro's is the store for farmers.

THE LOCAL OPTION LAW.

An act to permit the voters of this commonwealth to vote every three years on the question of granting licenses to sell intoxicating liquors.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, etc.*, That on the third Friday in March, 1873, in every city and county in this commonwealth, and at the annual municipal election every third year thereafter, in every such city and county, it shall be the duty of the inspectors and judges of election in the cities and counties to receive tickets, either written or printed, from the legal voters of said cities and counties, labelled on the outside "license," and on the inside "for license," or "against license," and to deposit said tickets in a box provided for that purpose by said inspectors and judges, as is required by law in the case of other tickets received at such elections; and the tickets so received shall be counted, and a return of the same made to the clerk of the court of quarter sessions of the peace of the proper county, duly certified as is required by law; which certificate shall be laid before the judges of the court at the first meeting of said court after said election shall be held, and shall be filed with the other records of said court; and it shall be the duty of the mayors of cities; and the sheriffs of counties, or of any other officer, whose duty it may be to perform such service, to give due public notice of such special election as above provided for, three weeks previous to the time of the same, and also three weeks before such election every third year thereafter; *Provided*, That this act shall not be construed to repeal or affect any special law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, or prohibiting the granting of licenses; *Provided*, That when the municipal and township elections in any county or city do not occur on the third Friday in March, the election provided for in this section shall be held on the day fixed for the municipal elections in said county: *And provided further*, That all licenses granted after the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, shall cease, determine and become void on the first day of April, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, if the district for which they shall be granted determine against the granting of license; and the treasurer of the proper county shall then refund to the holder of such license the moneys so paid there for, which the said treasurers shall be entitled to credit in their accounts with the commonwealth.

SEC. 2. That in receiving and counting, and in making returns of the votes cast, the inspectors and judges and clerks of said election shall be governed by the laws of this commonwealth regulating general elections; and all the penalties of said election laws are hereby extended to, and clerks, voting at and in attendance upon the elections held under the provisions of this act.

SEC. 3 Whenever, by the returns of elections in any city or county aforesaid, it shall appear that there is a majority against license, it shall not be lawful for any court or board of license commissioners to issue any license for the sale of spirituous, vinous, malt or other intoxicating liquors, or any admixture thereof, in said city or county, at any time thereafter, until at an election as above provided a majority shall vote in favor of license; *Provided*, That nothing contained in the provisions to this act shall prevent the issuing of license to druggists for the sale of liquors for medicinal and manufacturing purposes.

LARGE SALES.—We learn that Senator Wallace, as attorney for a party of Williamsport lumbermen, last week negotiated and sold 10,000 acres of timber land, situated in Girard and Covington townships and part in Elk county, for the sum of $80,000, being over $60 an acre for the Bald Hills wilderness.

And we understand that Gov. Bigler, a few weeks previous, for himself and Messrs Reed & Weaver, sold a lot, situated in Huston township, for $80,000 cash, after having lumbered off it for two or three years.

Talk about great bargains in Michigan and Wisconsin! Why, the hemlock timber and bark alone in this county, upon which there is no value placed now, will be worth more money ten years hence than was placed upon everything in the county ten years ago. The folly of carrying capital out West, to advance other people's property, when millions can be just as profitably invested around our own homes and add to their value, had better be abandoned.—Republican.

MARRIAGES.

On 9th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. M. G. Earhart, Mr. David Meek, and Miss Emma Weaver, both of Ferguson twp.

On the 6th inst., by Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. Thomas V. Hunter and Miss Sarah C. Kreamer, both of Boalsburg.

On 24th ult., by Rev. M. Sloat, Rev. A. J. Gramly, of Brush Valley, Centre county, to Miss Mary Brumgard, of Nittany Valley, Clinton Co.

On Dec. 25, Frank Garrett and Sadie Hohenbery, both of Bellefonte.

On 7th inst., C. H. Else to Miss Mary C. Ryman, both of Milesburg.

On 24th of Dec. Alfred Rankin to Miss Mary Foresman, both of Moshanon.

On 31st ult., Mr. Orman Allison, of Mill Hall to Miss Martha Irvin Wolf of Snow Shoe.

On 5th, at Booneville, Sugar Valley, by Rev. S. T. Buck, Wm. Stover and Miss Mary Grenninger.

At the same place and on the same day, Henry Strickler and Miss Rebecca Simmons.

DEATHS.

On the 5th instant, Joel Johnson, of Spring twp., aged 73 years.

On 4th inst., in Liberty twp., near Eagleville, Mrs. Sarah P. Ligget, wife of Benj. Ligget, aged 41 years, 6 months and 5 days.

On the 5th instant Mrs. Lizzie F. Halter of Milesburg, aged 18 years and 9 nine.

On same day, James Curtin, at Curtin's Works, aged 66 years and 18 days.

At his home on the Branch, of typhoid pneumonia, Daniel Garner, son of the late Samuel Garner, aged 37 years, 2 months and 15 days.

LETTING

Proposals will be received by the Board of School Directors of Potter twp., at Potter's Mills, on Saturday, February 1st, 1873, for the building of a school-house at Centre Hall. Bidders can see specifications at any time by calling upon F. Kurtz, director at Centre Hall.

By order of the Board,

W. W. REYER, PETER HOFFER
jan 16 Sec't. Pres't.

TIMBERLAND

AT PUBLIC SALE.

On Saturday, January 25th, 1873, at the public house of M. L. Leitzel, at Potters Mills, at 1 o'clock, will be offered at public sale. 150 acres valuable

TIMBERLAND,

lying on the south side of Sand mountain, and is well timbered with fine white oak, yellow and pitch pine and poplar. Persons wishing to view this Timberland, will please call upon the undersigned.

TERMS:—One third of purchase money to remain in the property as widow's dower; one-third to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year thereafter, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

DANIEL FLEISHER,
Administrator of Peter Fleisher, dec'd.
jan 9.

O I C.

GET THE BEST.

THE ORIGINAL HOWE SEWING MACHINE—IMPROVED.—The Howe, the original and yet the best has the following points of excellence:

Simplicity of construction
Symmetry of form and beauty of finish.
Rapidity and stillness in operation.
Ease with which it can be managed.
Non-liability to miss stitches, having a moveable head, which can be readily adjusted close to the shuttle, when using either the finest or coarsest needle.
A shorter and smaller needle, in proportion to the size of the thread, than used with any other machine.
The Lock Stitch, alike on both sides of the fabric.
Economy of thread.
Strength and firmness with which the seams are drawn together.
Roundness, fullness, regularity and beauty of stitch.
Adaptability to the widest range of work sewing the finest and coarsest fabrics, and using equally well the finest and coarsest, and all intermediate grades of silk, Cotton and Linen Thread.

H. F. BARTLEY, of Bellefonte, has the agency for Centre county, for the Howe; he will travel the county, and persons wishing a machine about which there is no fault, should wait and give the Howe a trial, before purchasing. jan9.3m.

LICENSES.—The following applications will appear for Licenses at January term of court, next.

Robert Taylor,	Tavern,	Philipsburg
George Keller	"	Rush "
Benjamin Walker	"	Boggs "
Benjamin Snyder	"	Boggs "
Philip Gates	"	Ferguson "
James Haywood	"	Rush "
Alonzo White,	"	Rush. "
Hiram Harris,	Restaurant,	"
Robert Haworth,	Tavern,	"
Jeffrey Hays	"	Rush twp
James I. Kunes,	"	Liberty "
Henry Robb,	"	Walker "
Frederick Fahrion,	"	Gregg "
John Shannon,	Restaurant,	Ferguson "

A. WILLIAMS,
Prothy.
jan2

Clinton county.

From the Lock Haven *Republican*:

At two o,clock last week Monday morning the building owned by Frank Atwood, and occupied by Seth Holmes, situated on High street, was destroyed by fire. The loss is about $500, which is covered by insurance.

The snow in the country averages 48 inches in depth.

B. F. Batcheler of Bellefonte—has been appointed superintendent for the Shoe Factory. The Factory shut down on the 24th to look over the year's work, take account stock, and "rid up" generally. They began again on the 8th inst. The company manufactured during the past year 1984 cases of boots, 1,320 pair of men's shoes, 48 pair of boy's shoes, and 1,626 pair of women's, misses' and children's shoes. They paid for the stock used, $78,876, and for labor, $30,317. Total sales $102,876.08.

Wm. Boager and W. K. Foster came from Mifflinburg to Lock Haven to do a little business. Seeing the snowy condition of Old Mother Earth's bosom, they thought a little trade could be driven in the sleigh line, regardless of the peddling Act of May 3, 1871. But Mr. Rufus Reed objected, and on his complaint they were arraigned before Alderman Noble and fined $100.

A SUPERB CHRITMAS NUMBER.—The December number of the "People's Monthly," of Pittsburgh, Pa., is just to hand, and we must confess to a surprise. No such fine or elegantly illustrated paper has ever appeared out of New York, while it challenges comparison with anything published in that city. The new type, new "heads," and tinted paper look admirably. This Christmas number has a supplement of eight pages (making twenty-four in all) and is absolutely crowded with fine illustrations, and interesting letters, stories, poems, &c., appropriate to the season. The Household and Boy's and Girl's departments are of special interest. In fact, the whole paper is gotten up for the home and the family, and is pure, bright and wholesome. This Monthly, we must say, is a credit to the West, and should receive a hearty and generous Western support. Agents wanted everywhere, and large commissions paid. Send for sample and circular. Three months on trial, only 25 cents, including the splendid Chritmas number. More given away with each paper than its cost. Yearly subscription only $1.00

ANNUAL STATEMENT.

Office of "The Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Centre county."
CENTRE HALL, Jan. 13th, 1873.

In compliance with the provisions of their charter, the Directors present the fifteenth annual statement of the transactions of the Company:

ASSETTS

Bills receivable, being premium notes due and payable by members for insurance the past year.		$20,479 24
On which there has been paid.....		468 24
Leaving due on premium notes taken the past year.....		$20,011 00
To this add assessments No. 7, for payment of losses		4,485 14
Making the total available assetts of the company the past year		$24,496 14

EXPENSES.

Compensation to directors.....	$162 98	
Salary of Secretary,	150 00	
Salary of Treasurer.	50 00	
Printing, office rent, postage, and stationary.....	127 26	
Election Board.....	5,00	
W. P. Wilson, Attorney Fees	10 00	
	LOSSES.	
Dan'l Durst on barn	40 00	
Uriah Stover on wash house.....	40 00	
Dillon & M'Kinney on store goods.....	3,431 70	
Cook & Kreamer on merchandise.....	609 99	
		$4,626 93
Total accrueing assetts and funds of the company the past year.....		$19,869 21
To which add funds of the previous years $117,518 72		
Less amount of notes expired and cancelled.....	29,994 99	
		$87,523 73
Making the total available assetts of the company this day		$107,392 94
Risks and insurances taken the past year.....	140,147 41	
Same heretofore reported for previous years.....	3,740,608 09	
Grand total of risks and insurances since organization.....		3,880,755 50
From which deduct policies expires and cancelled.....		1,742,200 10
		2,138,200 40

Liabilities, due Members for Losses.

Cook & Kreamer	1519 81	
J. W. Stemm	471 40	
Fred. Kurtz.....	125 00	
Total Liability...		2188 21
Outstanding taxes due the company.....	1385 64	

GEO. BUCHANAN, Pres't.
Attest:
ALEX. SHANNON, Sec'y.

At an election held the same day, the following members were elected Directors for the ensuing year: Geo. Buchanan, Joshua Potter, Henry Keller, Jas. W. Campbell, John Krumrine, Ames Alexander, J. G. Meyer, John Wolf, Samuel Gramly John H. Keller, and David Gilliland.

Whereupon the new board organized and appointed the following officers:

President—Geo. Buchanan.
Vice President—Joshua Potter.
Treasurer—Henry Witmer.
Secretary—Alex. Shannon.

The Company wish to call the attention of the people of this valley to statement made voluntarily before the annual meeting, by a prominent citizen of Gregg township, as to his experience in the year 1872, in matters of insurance:

1st. He insured in two other companies, in 1872, to amount of $4800—on this he had to pay assessments in same year, amounting to $110,25.

2nd. He was insured in the Pennsvalley company to amount of $21,980—nearly five times more—in 1872, and only paid taxes to amount of $60,85 for same time.

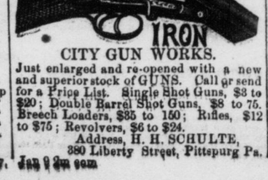
COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Common Pleas, in the 25th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton, and Clearfield, and the Honorable W. W. Love and the Honorable Henry Dopp, Associate Judges, in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 6th day of January, A. D., 1873, to me directed for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 4th Monday of Feb. next, being the 27th day of Jan. 1873, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertain to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 4th day of Jan. in the year of our Lord, 1873, and in the ninety-fourth year of the Independence of the United States.

B. F. SHAFER, Sheriff.



CITY GUN WORKS.

Just enlarged and re-opened with a new and superior stock of GUNS. Call or send for a Price List. Single Shot Guns, $3 to $20; Double Barrel Shot Guns, $8 to 75. Breech Loaders, $35 to 150; Rifles, $12 to $75; Revolvers, $6 to $24.

Address, H. H. SCHULTE,
380 Liberty Street, Pittsburg Pa.
Jan 9 3m com

The people and press of England are unanimous in expressions of respect for the deceased Emperor Napoleon and sympathy for the Empress. Queen Victoria has sent a letter of condolence to the latter, the Prince of Wales has visited Chiselhurst, and the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral have offered a crypt of the cathedral, under the tomb of Thomas A. Becket, as a temporary tomb.

The ex-Empress Eugenie intends to issue a proclamation to the French people announcing her assumption of the regency during her son's minority.

MILWAUKEE, January 9.—The great snow storm in Minnesota did not cease until last night. The Iowa and Minnesota divisions of the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad have suffered greatly. Four or five freight trains and one passenger train are blocked between Conover, Iowa, and Ridgeway. There are fifteen women on the passenger train. All the fuel and provisions for the passengers are brought from Ridgeway. The drifts in many places are reported to be as high as the cars. All the Minnesota railroads have suspended and trains will probably not run before Saturday.

List of Grand Jurors for January Term.

Bellefonte Boro—John S. Rankins, Samuel Grant.
Milesburg Boro—John S. Proudfoot.
Philipsburg Boro—Geo. H. Zeigler.
Benner twp.—John Askey.
Boggs—Constance Curtin.
Burnsides—George R. Boak.
Gregg—John G. Heckman.
Halfmoon—Thomas M. Way.
Haines—Samuel H. Meyer.
Huston—Hugh Adams.
Liberty—Joseph Baumgardner, John Brickley.
Miles—J. B. Crawford.
Penn—David Ertle, Jacob Emerick, Jno. Brand.
Potter—David Deckert, John Boozer, Jonas B. Royer.
Spring—Sidney Miller.
Taylor—John Weaver
Union—L. M. Fisher.
Worth—John G. Jones

List of Petit Jurors for 1st Week of January Term.

Bellefonte Boro—Theodore Gordon, W. F. Reynolds, F. P. Green, John Irvin, jr.
Milesburg—John B. Thomas, J. S. Hyman.
Philipsburg—Wesley R. Runk, G. S. Dorman, John S. Funk.
Unionville—Joseph Steer, John Alexander.
Boggs—Morgan Lucas, Jacob Yarnell.
Burnsides—M. Stewart.
Curtin—Joseph McClosky, James De-Haas.
Ferguson—Isaac Carter, Samuel Msser, John Sheffler.
Gregg—John B. Ross, John Hawk.
Harris—David Sparr, Evan Williams, Robert Goheen, John Meese, Adam Hartzwick
Haines—Dan'l Hosterman.
Halfmoon—David M'Kinney.
Howard—W. G. Lucas.
Huston—Hugh Glenn.
Liberty—Christian Kuhns.
Marion—James McAlmont, Robert Strunk.
Miles—H. G. Couser.
Patton—P. B. Waddle, Wm. G. Furst.
Potter—Wm. Farner, And. Reesman, Adam Hosterman.
Spring—John Long, Shuman Lyons.
Taylor—John Copenhaver.
Union—Jas. P. Holt, And. Calhoun, W. Alexander.
Walker—John H. Swartz, Ira Michtley, C. Swartz.

BUSINESS MAN'S COLLEGE,
No 6 Sixth St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Book-Keeping, Penmanship, and Arithmetic.
TIME UNLIMITED, $50.00.
Enter at any time. Send for Circular and Specimen of Penmanship. Address
jan16 4t. N. SHAFFER.

REGESTERS NOTICES'.

The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs creditors legatees and all others in any way interested and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre County, for confirmation and confirmation on Wednesday the 29th day of January, A. D., 1873.

1. The final account of Samuel T. Lucas, administrator of &c., of John Perry Lucas, late of Snow Shoe township dec'd.
2. The final account of John Snyder guardian of the Estate of Mary M. Hays, wife of John C. Hays, the said Mary M. Hays being a child and heir at law of William Bair late of Miles twp., in the county of Centre, dec'd.
3. The administration account of David Wolf, administrator of &c.,' of Cathrine Minich, late of Miles twp., Centre county, dec'd.
4. The final account of Abram M. Elder dec'd. guardian of Elizabeth A. Tonner and John Tonner, minor children of Thomas R. Tonner, dec'd as filed by Mary Ann Elder, administratrix of Abram M. Elder, dec'd.
5. Second Partial account of Peter Neese and James D. Gentzell, administrators of &c., of Elizabeth Neese late of Gregg twp. dec'd, as filed by James D. Gentzel, acting administrator.
6. The account of Jacob Spangler, guardian of Samuel Armaghast, minor child of Michael Armaghast late of Centre county, dec'd.
7. The account of Jacob Spangler, Executor of the last will and testament of Daniel Kerr, late of Potter twp., Centre county, dec'd.
8. The account of J. D. Shugart, guardian of Augustus M. Hoover, a minor son of John T. Hoover, late of the Borough of Bellefonte, dec'd.
9. The account of Catharine Moses and Samuel Felty, administrators of &c., of the Rev. David Moser, late of Furguson twp., dec'd.
10. The account Enos Ertley Executor in the last will and Testament of James M'Culloch, late of the Township of Marion in the county of Centre, dec'd.
11. The account of Geo. Bower, administrator of &c., of Michael Kreamer, late of Haines twp., dec'd.
12. The first account of Josiah Neff and John Shannon, executors of the last will and testament of John Neff, of Potter twp., dec'd.
13. The final account of William Bible, guardian of the person and estate of John H. Bitner, minor son of Henry Bitner late of Potter twp., dec'd.
14. The account of Jos. Baker and John Dale executors of Geo. Coble, late of Harrs twp., dec'd and trustees under the will of said dec'd daughter of John Coble, now dec'd.
15. The account of James Gates administrator of &c., of David Gates, late of Furguson twp., dec'd.
16. The first account of Thomas Weston, executor in the last will and testament of Christian Vanpool, late of Half Moon twp, dec'd.
17. The final account of Mark Halfpenny and Wm. Forster executors of &c., of the last will and testament of R. M. Forster, late of Harrs twp., dec'd.
18. The guardianship account of Geo. Shineberger, who was guardian of John T. Hoover, of Harris twp., dec'd, as filed by John Shineberger and David Stover, his administrators.

J. H. MORRISON,
Register.

COACH & SMITH SHOPS FOR SALE.

The lot and Coach and Smith Shops, at Centre Hall, lately occupied by Geo. B. Harpster, are offered at private sale. There are three Shops upon the premises, all new two-story frame buildings, suitable for carrying on all the different branches of Coachmaking, smithing, wood-work, painting, trimming, &c. There is also a new stable upon the lot. The location is one of the best in Centre Hall, and a large trade can be readily secured. For further information address WM. WOLF,
Centre Hall, Pa.

ILLINOIS FARM FOR SALE!

240 ACRES; FIRST CLASS LAND; only 6 years improved from prairie soil, with buildings, orchard &c, It is 8 miles directly south of Joliet, next to Chicago the most thriving city in the state and 14 miles east of the incorporated village of Elwood situated on Chicago & St. Louis R. R. 45 miles from Chicago, the great market of this country, and 10 miles from coal regions. Population largely interspersed with 1st class Penn'a. Germans.

I desire to invest in Commercial business. Address W. NICHOLSON
nov 29 3m Elwood, Will Co. Ill.

NOTICE.—The subscribers to the Capital Stock of the Lewisburg, Centre and Spruce creek Railroad, having paid in full prior to December 1st 1872, will please call at the Centre County Banking Company and receipt for certificates of Stock returning receipts given for instalments paid.
jan2 3t J. D. SHUGERT, Cas.

C. F. Herlacher N. Cronmiller.

NEW GOODS!

FRESH ARRIVAL OF

FALL GOODS!!!

HERLACHER & CRONMILLER

Wish to inform the citizens of Potter that they have opened an entire new stock of goods in their old quarters, and will keep constantly on hand a full and good assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
consisting of
ALPACAS, Poplins, PLAIDS, Lustres.
and all other kinds of

DRESS GOODS,

full line of

NOTIONS and FANCY Goods

Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes
CROCKERY, QUEENSWARE,
STONEWARE, CEDARWARE,
SUGARS,
TEAS, COFFEES,
FISH, SALT,
etc., etc., etc.,

All of which we offer at greatly reduced prices.

Highest prices paid for country produce. By strict attention to business we hope to merit and receive the patronage of the public

NE PLUS ULTRA.

No Better Place!

The subscriber is just receiving from the eastern cities a Full Stock of

FALL and WINTER GOODS

which he has determined to sell very cheap, consisting of

DRY GOODS and

Prints, Muslins, Opera Cantons, and Woll Flannels. Ladies' Dress Goods, such as Delains, Alpacas, Poplins, Empress Cloth, Saieens, Tameise, together with a full stock of everything usually kept in the Dry Goods line.

NOTIONS:

A full stock, consisting part of Ladies and Children's Merino Hose, Collars, Kid Gloves, best quality silk and Lisle thread Gloves, Hoods, Nubias, Breakfast shawls, &c,

HATS & CAPS,

A full assortment of Men's Boy's and Children's of the latest style and best.

CLOTHING,

Ready made, a choice selection of Men's and Boy's of the newest styles and most serviceable materials.

BOOTS & SHOES,

A very large stock of Men's Women's and Children's and sold very low.

Queensware,

full assortment.

GROCERIES

a full stock at the lowest prices. At the old stand of

WM. WOLF.

W. J. McManigal,
Wholesale and retail dealer in

HARDWARE and CUTLERY,

Iron, Nails, Oils, Paints, Varnishes, Wall Paper, &c.

Milroy Mifflin Co., Pa.

To Shoemakers,
I have just received a large stock of
FRENCH KIP
FRENCH MOROCCOES
FRENCH CALF SKINS
LINING SKINS
RUSSIA BRISTLES
RED SOLE LEATHER
SHOE MAKERS TOOLS
PAT., AWL HAFTS AT 10 CENTS
SHOE THREAD &c.
Call early and examine
Oct 11 3m WM'J M'MANIGAL.

BOSTON

Boot & Shoe Store!

A NEW ESTABLISHMENT

With New Goods & New Prices!

Having determined to engage in business at this place, we have opened up in Room

NO. 5 BUSH'S ARCADE,

BELLEFONTE, PA., the largest, most complete and cheapest stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &C.,

that has ever been opened up in this part of the State. At our store you can find in the Boot and Shoe line

Anything You Want,

from the finest boot to the cheapest slipper, and we know if you once call and EXAMINE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

you will concede that it is to your interest to purchase from us.

WESELL AT BOSTON RATES.
Repairing Neatly Done.
R. L. BATCHELLER & CO.
July 19tf.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

R. F. Rankin & Co.,

(Successors to Linn & Wilson.)

DEALERS IN

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.

PURE WINE & LIQUORS

for medicinal purposes.

SHOULDER BRACES,

TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS in great variety]

Also, Choice

CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

and all other articles usually kept in first class Drug Store.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFU Y COMPOUNDED.

1t.June R. F. RANKIN & CO.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.
Corrected by C. D. Keller.
White Wheat $1,85, Red 180....Rye..... 75.....Corn 60 ....Oats 40.....Barley 60. 70.....Clo verseed 5,00 .....Potatoes 45. Lard per pound 7.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 20. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 8 .....Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS
White wheat 1,75....Red wheat 1,65....Rye 60.....Corn 60.....Oats 35.....Barley 50..... Cloverseed 4,50.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 50 per sack,..... Bacon 10c.....Ham 16.....Butter 20... Eggs 15.....Plaster 9 50

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, to distribute the money arising from the sale of the real estate of David Kreps, and to hear and report upon the facts in the case, will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in Bellefonte, on Friday, the 17th day of January, A. D., 1873, at 2 o'clock, p. m., of said day, when and where all parties interested can attend if they see proper. JAS. T. HALE.
dec19.6t Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, to distribute the money arising from the sale of the real estate of Hahn, Wilson & Co., will attend to the duties of his appointment, on Thursday the 16th day of January 1873, at 10 o'clock, a. m. at his office in Bellefonte, when and where all persons may attend if they see proper.
W. J. KEALSH,
dec19 6t Auditor.

W. A. CURRY,

BOOT & SHOE MAKER

CENTRE HALL, PA.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable. Give him a call.
Oct 11. 3m.

THE Very Best Buenos Ayers

Sole Leather,

FRENCH, GERMAN AND COUNTRY

CALF SKINS,

SHOEFINDINGS, &c., &c.,

At reasonable rates, next door to C. D. Keller's store, Bishop Stree Bellefonte Penn'a.

E. GRAHAM & SON.
Oct 11 tf.

A. SUSSMAN

LEATHER & SHOE FINDING.

in lower room, No. 1. Bush's block, where he keeps on hand a stock of

WHITE and RED LEATHER and HARNESS.

Kips and Calf Skins

French and City Finish.

STRING LEATHER, SHOE-FINDINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Raw Hides

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Trunks and Valises

OF ALL KINDS.

RAW FURS, of all kinds bought and highest price paid.

Clover and Timothy Seed

always bought and on hands. WHEAT and OATS specially bought and the highest Cash price paid.

Go to Sussman's, there you can buy cheaper than elsewhere, as everybody knows, who ever dealt with him. He lets no one off without a good bargain.

Next door to Sussman's is the cheap dry goods establishment of Isaac Guggenheimer. ap5.tf.

C. PECK. J. T. LEE.

PECK & LEE'S

New

Coach Manufactory.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned have opened a new establishment, at their new shops, for the manufacture of

Carriages, Buggies, & Spring Wagons,

SLEIGHS AND SLEDS, PLAIN AND FANCY

of every description.

All vehicles manufactured by them are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

They use none but the best material, and employ the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

Come and examine our work before contracting elsewhere.

PRICES REASONABLE,

All kinds of Reparing done.
nov. PECK & LEE.

THE ONLY PLACE TO BUY

good Boots & Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Have just received 50 cases of Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell the cheapest and best Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Are the only ones in Centre co. that have Lester Bro's & Co., Boots & Shoes.

Lester Bro's & Co., Boots and Shoes are warranted.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell them at Cash prices.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes never leak or crack.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes always give satisfaction

Thousands in this county and out of it have tried these Boots & Shoes.

They have been tested and tried for 15 years and always have given Extra satisfaction.

If you want to save doctor bills buy your Boots and Shoes from Burnside & Thomas.

You can buy the best articles of Tobacco and cigars at half price at Burnsides & Thomas.

The reason you can get such bargains at Burnside & Thomas, they sell for CASH. july19,tf,

COAL, LIME, and POWDER!

COAL.—Wilkesbarre Coal, Chestnut Stove, Egg, furnace and foundry, Coal—of best quality, at the lowest prices. Customers will please note that our coal is housed under commodious sheds.

LIME—Wood or coal-burnt Lime, for sale at our kilns, on the pike leading to Milesburg.

POWDER.—Having received the agency for Du Pont's Powder AT WHOLESALE, we shall be pleased to receive orders from the trade.

Office and yard near south end of Bald Eagle Valley R. R. Depot, Bellefonte, Pa.

nov4 SHORTLIDGE & CO.

ADAM HILD,

PAINTER, MILROY, Mifflin co., Pa.

offers his services to the citizens of Mifflin Centre and adjoining counties, in

House, Sign and Ornmenatal Painting.

GRAINING
Oak, Walnut, Maple. Ash, Mahogony, &c.

Plain and Fancy Paperhanging. Orders respectfully solicited.

All fine work done for other painters.
June 7 y.

RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

The proprietor of Rynder's Music Store desires to call the attention of the people of Centre county, to the fact that they

Can Save Money

by purchasing their musical instruments of Rynder's Music Store. We are selling

Double Reed, Six Stop, Five Octavo Organs, at $140,

(superior in tone and finish, to those that are hawked and peddled throughout the country at $175 to $200.) These we warrant for five years. We give any reasonable credit desired to responsible parties.

We beg leave to call your attention to the following instruments, sold in Pennsvalley this year, which you would do well to examine before purchasing elsewhere:

CENTRE HALL.

S. S. WOLF, Rynder Organ.....	$225.00
WM. GALBRAITH, Rynder Organ.....	140.00

LEMONT.

DR. J. Y. DALE, American Organ.....	$375.00
PETER SCHRECK, Rynder Organ.....	140.00

AARONSBURG.

WM. ETTINGER, Rynder Organ.....	$240.00

BOALSBURG.

MISS E. E. HUNTER, Melodion.....	$130.00

In a few weeks we will call attention to our

PIANO DEPARTMENT.

In short by writing a letter to us and getting our prices—we deliver all instru

Love in Triumph.

In the Old Year's grave the New Year
In young exultation stands,
Sweeping from a great harp, triumph
Over all the listening lands.
But his exultation is not
Over the dead Brother there;
Nobler is the March's music
Marrying the circled air.

He is swelling with the glory
Of the mission sent from high;
'Tis the light by it accorded
Sparkling Love in his young eye.
He has started from his Brother's
Slumber in the Silent Place;
Hark! he cries, I am a Worker,
With Prophetic Promise hallowed,
From God for the Human Race.

Farm, Garden and Household.

Paper-hangings for walls are known to everybody. It is now proposed to use hangings made of metal, and an account of this new invention, which comes to us from Paris, has been read before the Society of Arts. The metal employed is tinfoil in sheets about sixteen feet long, and from thirty to forty inches wide. The sheets are painted and dried at a high temperature, and are then decorated with many different patterns, such as foliage, flowers, geometrical figures, imitation of wood, or landscapes. When decorated, the sheets are varnished, and again dried, and are then ready for sale.

A new mode of washing linen has been introduced and adopted in Germany. The operation consists in dissolving two pounds of soap in about three gallons of water as hot as the hand can bear, and adding to this one tablespoonful of turpentine and three o liquid ammonia; the mixture must then be well stirred and the linen steeped in it for two or three hours, taking care to cover up the vessel which contains them as nearly hermetically as possible. The clothes are afterward washed out, and rinsed in the usual way. The soap and water may be reheated and used the second time, but in that case half a table-spoonful of turpentine and a table-spoonful of ammonia must be added. The process is said to cause a great economy in time, labor, and fuel.

A writer in the *Country Gentleman* says: "Steers I handle and yoke up the first winter before they are a year old, and during the following summer, to accustom them to the yoke, and to walk side by side evenly together. The second winter I put them to light sled, and put a small rope around the nigh one's head, not to guide them by, but to secure them from running away from me by some sudden fright or some other cause. I then, with a light, short whip, proceed to teach them to draw, to go forward, to stop, to haw and gee. I use few words with them, and few motions of the whip, not trying to teach them too many things at once. When they are a little older, I teach them to back by choosing a piece of descending ground for that purpose, with the empty sled or cart for a load. I never try to plough without a driver till steers are four years old.

An Iowa farmer recommends the following device for measuring land. Take two slats about six feet long, sharpened at one end of each, lay them upon a floor or yard, open compasses, so that the points shall be exactly five feet six inches apart; now nail the other two ends together and a piece across the middle, so that it will look like the letter A, and the measure is finished. To measure land place one point at the starting place and the other also on the ground in a straight line for destination, stand alongside the machine, with one hand on top of it; take one step forward, tip up the point that is behind, swing it around (from you) on the other point, and set it in line also. A person in this manner can measure correctly as fast as he can walk---three spaces make a rod---walk straight without stopping to count the spaces, divide these by three, and you have the rods.

Californians lead in the matter of dairy cuteness so far as heard from. A commission firm in San Francisco "lately found that some of their customers were exasperated about something, and soon sundry suspicions and greasy looking boulders and bricks were brought in and deposited on their counters by persons who stated that they found them in firkins of butter they had bought of the firm, and these persons not unnaturally indulged in remarks that they could not be deemed complimentary to the butter dealers. An investigation was at once made, when it was discovered that a consignment consisting of twenty-eight firkins of what purported to be a choice product of the dairy was largely "doctored" in its substantial manner. Some of the firkins contained from ten to fourteen pounds of rock and brick. Beneath were at once taken to trace the ingenious villain to its proper source."

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer*, who has had large experience with swine, says the following are reliable:

Preventive.---One peck wood ashes, four pounds salt, one pound each of Black antimony, copperas, and sulphur, quarter of a pound saltpetre. Pound, mix thoroughly and moisten enough to prevent waste; put in a trough in a dry place where the hogs can at all times eat as much as they please of it. I have strictly followed directions and have had no cholers.

Remedy.---It is: Sulphur, two pounds; copperas, two pounds; madder, two pounds; black antimony, half pound; saltpetre, half pound; arsenic, two ounces. The quantity is sufficient for 100 hogs, and is mixed with slop enough for a few doses all round---a pint to each hog. Each time I tried this I had about fifty head, and not one died that was able to walk to the trough and had enough life left to drink.

A correspondent of the Vermont *Farmer* thus describes an improved poke or jumping-stick: First put a piece across the horns. Then have a piece of hardwood board, one-half or three-fourths inch thick, and about three feet long. Have a hole inserted in the bar across the horns in such a way that when this hard wood strip is inserted in it, running out over the back, as the animal naturally carries its head, the rear end will be just free of the back. Drive three or four shingle nails, ground sharp into this end, letting them come through three-fourths of an inch, so that as soon as the animal makes an effort to raise his head to jump the fence, the nails will soundly prick his back, and he will be apt to frisk his tail and start for some feed that is easier to be obtained. For cheapness and durability this arrangement is unequaled. It weighs less than three pounds; it is not in the way in traveling around, and when the animal lies down it is on one side, as it is natural for the animal to throw its head opposite to the side it lies on. When they are feeding it is upright in the air. It will keep the animal to which it is applied where he belongs, sure.

Encouraging to Poor Girls.

A few years ago the Archduke Henry fell so desperately in love with a Miss Hoffman, a girl of modest beauty, sweet temper, and gentle winning manners, but possessing no other gift of rank or beauty, a simple citizen's daughter, that no prayers or representations could wean him from his love. He married her however, like a man, openly before the whole world, fulfilling publicly all the requirments made by State and Church, and willingly abandoned all the prestige of his high position. His name was struck from the army list, where he ranked as Field Marshal, his high orders were taken from him, and the wrath of the Archduchess Sophia, then the ruling spirit of the imperial family, went so far as to cause a serious reduction of his allowance. With rare fortitude and noble consistency, he bore it all and enjoyed true happiness by the side of his loving wife and in the midst of his numerous children. His last warm friends, fired with admiration for his courage, and convinced of the genuine merit of his wife's character, renewed their intercessions, and finally saw their efforts rewarded. During the last week his dignities have been restored to him, and the Emperor is said to be delighted with his new kinswoman.

A DASH FOR LIFE.

I was out in -----, during the wild times that they had there a number of years ago. There must, I think, have been five or six hundred of us in and about S-----. We were surrounded on all sides by bushrangers. Outrages of every possible kind were of daily occurrence, and many a brave fellow met his death in attempting, with others, to break up the camps of these daring outlaws. Did I come near losing my life, you ask? Yes, more than once. And I particularly recall one time of which I will tell you.

We had a small, resolute company of men under us, made desperate by repeated wrongs, and they hardly cared what they did or what risk they ran, in trying to exterminate those fierce bushrangers.

Almost every movement of ours was watched; but Sheldrie Day, our captain was as keen as the sharpest of the outlaws. So when an old farmer came in with his wagon filled with green stuff and covered with straw, Day watched his chance and succeeded in starting him homeward with a load of rifles under the straw.

Toward nightfall one man straggled off, whistling in one direction, with his hands in his pockets; another one another way; another, another; and so on. Our rendezvous was Dury's Forks, a lonely track of country, where the roads branched off in many directions.

When we got fairly beyond the limits haunted by spies, we mended our pace, and the men were soon coming in from all directions upon the run, ready to seize their weapons and go whither Captain Day might lead.

Shaping our course in a southwesterly direction, we made what speed the tall, tangled, bothersome prairie-grass would allow, and crept on stealthily. The camp of the bushrangers was at supper; we surprised it, and a fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued. The fellows were finally routed; but somehow I became separated from the rest, and two or three of the ruffians, discovering my situation, came down upon me. In spite of my desperate efforts they captured me, and bore me with them on the retreat. My company probably did not at first discover my absence, as it was quite dark, and so I was left to the mercies of a gang of cut-throats.

With no delicate touch they seized upon me, securely bound my hands, and advised me, with the cold lips of a revolver, to keep quiet. They then dashed away toward a village some miles distant, where their headquarters were, or rather where the prison was located.

Without a word, I was thrust into a lamp, dark, underground apartment, whose only aperture for light and air was a grated hole which just rose above the ground level. I gathered myself up, and looked my situation in the face. I knew these outlaws well. I had nothing to expect but to be dragged forth during the night and hanged upon the first projection which offered sufficient support for my weight. I was too well known as first lieutenant of the K------ Regulator to hope for mercy. My companions would doubtless think that I had fallen, and leave me to my fate.

Worn out with hard work and care, I fell asleep---though I have often wondered since at it---from which delightful rest I was awakened by a soft, rasping noise close by.

"Rats," I mentally commented, and turned over.

"Hist," said a voice at the window, or the grated opening that served for one. "Are you awake?"

"Awake and more than awake," I answered, and immediately brought my face to the aperture.

"Be quiet," said the voice. "Their guard is pacing not ten yards from here, but the darkness is favorable. Get this iron bar between the rods and wrench carefully toward you. I have straightened out the ends that were clenched upon this side."

Carfully seizing upon the iron bar thrust in to me, I inserted the end under the first rod, and gradually started it.

"Hist! the guard is coming this way; wait until he returns to the front," breathed my helper. "Hist!"

The guard clanked by, starting the meat from every pore of my body; for I expected him to stumble upon my friend and deliverer outside.

"Be quick," resumed the voice at the grating again. "He will return in just twenty minutes, for I have marked his beats; and---quick."

One after the other each of the bars was dropped from its place; and then, by reaching my hands out through the aperture, and by dint of using my shoeless feet against the wall, I struggled, and was drawn through. Fortunately, I was slim and slight; a large man must have hopelessly strangled himself. Not too soon, either, for the guard turned the corner at the moment and came toward us. We crouched behind in the shade of the projecting wall.

He heard nothing; saw nothing; paced his beat, and went back. Once out of sight, he very wisely did not lose any time. Springing up, and catching by the top of the high fence, we swung ourselves outside.

"The only thing that I could get," said Davis, leading me to an old mule, and cautioning me in a whisper to beware of the vicious old animal's heels. "Now, look sharp; don't take the Red Forks, mind you, nor the main route that leads to the court-house. There are four roads by the Live Oaks, all running west; you know them; be sure don't take the third one, that leads right into the camp of the outlaws, but the fourth takes you down among our boys---the Regs. Mind well my directions, and ride softly, while I try to take up the attention of the sentinel."

I mounted in a heterogeneous manner, the old mule refusing to remain sufficiently stationary for me to seat myself according to the fashions of civilization.

Ride softly! Davis must have been joking. For the heels of that vicious brute beat the sod as though he were a drum-major beating the devil's tattoo, and with considerable more force and effect. But at last I persuaded him with my heels to move on, not until I had heard the sentinel brawling with Davis, who was personating a drunken man with great zeal and eminent success.

I got out of the place as soon as the stiff knees of my animal would let me; but somehow or other I became confused as to Davis' directions.

The stars broke out through the clouds, and so I passed the Red Forks, and the main route leading to the court-house safely, but when I came to the Live Oaks, there I was out, and unconsciously, too. To this day I don't know how it happened. I certainly avoided the third road, as I believed instead of which I turned into it. There seeming myself safe, I relaxed my vigilance, and pictured our men's surprise when I should ride up to them. Three-quarters of a mile off I could see their camp-fire glaring. I did not shout or uprise them in any way of my coming; they were for the most part asleep; but went quietly on, and dashed right into the camp of bushrangers; some of whom had carried me to prison but a few hours before.

Picture my position. Had I possessed a good horse, I should have made a rush for it, while they were petrified with amazement; but my treacherous old beast now refused to move forward or back. Just then couldn't I have shouted with Richard: "My kingdom for a horse!" Well, they had me, more's the pity, seeing that nearly all of them were drunk, and the rest unsteady in their joints. Maybe they made me the butt of a few thick practical jokes, as they pulled me from the old mule's back, and bound my hands, making the rope fast to a stump, and setting a thick, rough fellow to guard me. I was half palsied by my mistake, I had made no resistance. No doubt that much was in favor.

Time passed. Ere long my guard began to snore. I then cautiously worked my hands, and found to my joy, that I could strain upon the knots, and slip my hands through. This I did. Next I made some slight movements to try my chance, and I found they did not arouse the sentinel.

The fire was dying down to a flickering shade, and I knew that it must be within an hour or two of daylight. I crawled past my guard; he did not stir, and keeping well in the shadow, I made for the horses of the party. When close up to them, I cautiously rose upright and snatched a picket-pin, seized the halter, and vaulted upon the back of a powerful horse. He seemed docile enough, but the moving him out from amid the others made them uneasy. They stamped, and pawed, and neighed, and when, with a rap of my heel, as a spur, we dashed for the cover of the woods, the disturbance made by these treacherous animals alarmed the camp.

I was in for it now. Life or death depended upon the events of the next fifteen minutes. I dashed into the thick, tangled woods. Utter darkness reigned. In five minutes I was unhorsed, but holding to the halter, I leaped on again, and madly dashed forward to life or to death.

What a ride that was! Without bridle or saddle, dashing full tilt against the wild grape vines everywhere strung across the way, went I. Once they caught me under the chin, and swept me off over the horse's back into the brush with the perspiration oozing from every pore.

I scrambled out and mounted again. It was a good horse, but a dangerous way. Now a dead branch would catch the corner of my mouth, and now something would come in contact with my eyes, making them sparkle again.

But I escaped. The very danger which beset my path saved me.

I got through that seventeen miles' ride somehow, coming out scratched and bleeding, but alive. Out on the plains, some five miles from L------, I ran upon the remains of a mule train that had been bringing us provisions. The drivers lay around murdered, the carts plundered and broken, and one boy of fourteen, with his scalp clean gone, lay on the ground, yet alive. I got him up before me---for how could I leave him there?---and carried him into S------.

"But did the boy live, captain?"

"Bob? Oh, yes, and afterwards became a soldier, too, and fought against the Indians."

"Without his scalp?"

"Yes, and thereby escaped much trouble, you understand. Pass the cigars."

The Necrology of 1872.

Death reaped a rich harvest during the year just passed. Artists, actors, journalists, authors, statesmen, soldiers, kings have been gathered to their fathers, and have left in some instances enduring work behind them. Among the most noted names of statesmen and politicians are William H. Seward (October 10), Senator Grimes of Iowa (February 7); President Juarez, of Mexico (July 18); Senator Garret Davis, of Kentucky; Joseph Mazzini, revolutionist (March 11); Due de Persigny (January 14), and Senator Van Winkle, of West Virginia (April 15).

Among journalists, Horace Greeley, founder of the *Tribune* (November 29); and James Gordon Bennett, founder of the *Herald* (June 1), are pre-eminent.

The authors are represented by the ripe and genial critic, Theophile Gautier (October 22), Merle d'Aaubigne (October 21), F. Gerstacker (May 31), Norman McLeod (June 15), Ludwig Herbach (September 17), John Frederick Maurice (April 2), Charles Lever (June 3), Francis Lieber (September 30), Sara Willis Parton, "Fanny Fern" (October 10), T. Buchanan Read (May 11.

The prominent actors who died during the year are, McKean Buchanan (April 16), Bogumil Wilson (February 10), Edwin Forrest (December 10), and Wm. H. Smith (January 19).

The noted clergymen are Cardinal Luigi Amat (November 9), the eccentric Peter Cartwright (September 25), Bishop McGill, of Richmond (January 1), and Francis Vinton, D.D., (Sept. 29.)

The army has lost the Archduke Albrecht, of Austria---"the victor of Custozza"---(September 11); Marshal Forey, of France (June 20); General R. S. Ewell, Major-Generals Henry W. Halleck (January 9), and George G. Meade (November 6), of the United States Army; Field Marshal Sir George Pollock, (October 6), of the English Army; and Marshal Vaillant of France (June 4).

Painters and sculptors dead during the year are Joseph Ames, N. A. (October 30); John F. Kensett, N. A.) December 14); Thomas Sully (November 5); and Richard Westmacott, R. A. (April 19).

Two kings died during the year---Charles XV. of Sweden and Norway (September 18), and Kamehameha V., King of the Sandwich Islands.

Other prominent persons are: George Catlin, the artist; Sir John Bowring, reformer and diplomatist; George P. Putnam, publisher; Lowell Mason, composer; Erastus Corning, financier; Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, diplomatist; Prime Minister Thorbecke, of Holland; Count Heynenberg Dux, President of the Bavarian Ministry; ex-Premier Macdonald, of Canada; John A. Griswold, of Troy; Professor James Hadley, Orientalist and Hellenist; and the famous Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the magnetic telegraph, who died in this city April 2.

The Red Sea.

A writer in the London *News* remarks that the Red Sea is rather noted for being hot, but the greatest heat is said to be in August and the early days of September. There are burning deserts on each side of the sea, and the hot air from them is most intense in this month, and must come by whatever wind may chance to blow.

Sleeping on deck becomes the fashion, and every night increases the number of what seems corpses laid out in rows. At last, as we get in the middle of the Red Sea, the ladies find it impossible to exist in the cabins below, and they have their beds brought on deck. Wiping the perspiration from the face and neck is the only possible occupation. If you try to write, great drops gather and come down with a splash on the paper as if from a thunder cloud. Men with bald heads seem always to have a crop of pearls coming up through the skin. All the pores of the body seem like perpetual fountains of water. The sight on the forecastle is very striking at night. There are the crew of Lascars, and the seedy Wallahs, or negroes, who do the stoking---poor fellows, they come up from their fiery Gehenna gasping, at times fainting in this climate. The stewards also take refuge on the forecastle, and it is the only place for the second-class passengers, and among them are two Chinese women, a Malay woman, and a group of Ayahs from Ceylon, Madras and Calcutta. There are two Jews from Singapore, an English groom in charge of a horse, and a few others, a different class, who cannot afford to pay first-class fare. All come on the forecastle, except a lady or two, who do not like the thick crowding of the sleepers, for the whole place is a mass of human beings. The heat is far too great for fun, singing, or even conversation. Everyone lays himself down to rest, and remains there absorbed with his own sensations, till sleep gives him complete repose. Wherever there is a spot where a man can put his body the place is soon filled.

It must be remarkably handy---*sometimes*---for a young scientific student to be in possession of a natural microscope. The latest wonder in England is a boy with microscopic eyes. When quite young his eyes were diseased, and he nearly lost his sight. When he recovered it was found that the structure of the eye had been essentially changed, and he possessed the faculty of seeing minute objects magnified to a marvelous degree. Distant objects he can not distinguish; but the magnifying power of his vision is stated at five thousand diameters. Once he accidently discovered a vast number of infusoria in the water he was drinking. The sight so thoroughly frightened him that he has never been willing to examine any water since. The wonder is how he can help it. Probably he resolutely closes his eyes while drinking, and considers the dose a necessary evil.

Experienced sportsmen predict that one result of the late storm will be that quails will be found to have been destroyed in great numbers, and that for the next season, to say the least of it, quails will be scarce.

Chats with Grumblers.

Many years ago, in company with our wife, says Dio Lewis, we made a summer drive through the Canadas. In giving that attention to our horses which is the habit of prudent travellers, we visited the stable morning and evening. We think it was the first night after we crossed over at Niagara that we said to the hostler:

"Suppose some one were to leave you a hundred thousand dollars, what would you do?"

"Well, boss, there is one thing I can tell you: you would never catch me workin' any more."

Holding, as we always had, that work is the warp and woof of human life and happiness, the hostler's remark struck us as curious; and recalling it on the following evening, we asked the next hostler what he would do if he had a hundred thousand.

"I'd travel all over creation, but as for work, I'd never do another chore as long as I lived."

We talked it over while riding the next day, and concluded we should ask every hostler during the trip and make a record of the answers:

The same question was put to thirty-four hostlers, and all gave essentially the same answer, though a few said,

"Of course I should want something to do when I felt like it, but then I wouldn't work regular."

We were a member of a school-board some years afterward, and asked one of the lady teachers what she would do if she had a hundred thousand dollars, and her reply was:

"I would go to Europe and live in Paris."

"What would you do that for?" we asked.

"Why, I should go for the same reason that other folks go---to see the sights."

We asked the same question of fourteen female teachers and six male teachers, and they all gave about the same answer, though a few of them suggested a division with the poor. One young lady said she would give thirty thousand apiece to her three brothers, and then go abroad with the remaining ten thousand.

Without exception, they spoke of travel, and most of them of life in Europe. Not one of them spoke in favor of work, but most of them spoke of escape from work.

As regular work is the great staple of happiness, as work is the regular bread and meat of body and mind, while recreation is but the sweatmeats, all this condemnation seems a strange hallucination. And as work is absolutely necessary, it is the greatest misfortune that there should exist a prejudice against it. A little philosophy, a broader intelligence, is sure to cure it. A little experience at *nothing to do* has generally cured even ignorant people of such folly. Let a man "loaf" for a month, and if he is well, he is glad enough to go back to his work. And there are a good many of us who can look deep enough to see that work is the best of good things, and to love it for its own sake and for the good it does us.

Work, like food, is a necessity of our life. A disgust for either indicates disease, or some unnatural condition. When we find disgust of food, we learn generally that it comes of excess. In the case of disgust for work, we think it generally comes from the same source.

It is often said that man is naturally lazy. Let every one speak for himself. We know the statement is not true of ourself. We love work. We like a day's recreation occasionally, but the hours begin to hang heavy in the latter part of the day.

Shark-Fishing in Iceland.

"The Icelanders," says the *National Magazine*, "take no active part in the whale fishery, but devote themselves, as a rule, to that of shark and cod. They fish principally from light open boats, with projecting prows, and carrying only one small lug-sail. Row-boats are preferred on account of the number of hands required. The Icelandic fishermen are described as possessing a power of endurance, an ability to keep the sea in all weathers, and a courage above all praise; they scorn to take provisions of any kind to sea, though they never neglect to carry their snuff-horns. It is greatly to be deplored that these hardy mariners are so careless both as to their personal comforts and as to the seaworthiness of their craft, since to these faults may doubtless be traced the fact that forty per cent. of the deaths of the men are caused by drowning. When a vessel is in search of sharks, it is anchored at a place where they are presumed to be---in preference, near the rising edge of a bank. The anchor used is generally a four-pronged iron grapple, weighing about 180 pounds, with fifteen to twenty fathoms nine-sixteen inch iron chain cable, and a 350-fathom long hawser. When anchored, the fishing commences. If nothing is caught, the position is shifted until the shark is found; and if the take is good, the vessel remains at the post, and rides out the storm if necessary. The lines used are of the thickness of deep-sea lead-lines, fastened to three fathoms of chain, in the middle of which a leaden weight of ten pounds to thirteen pounds is fixed. Under this a strong six-inch hook is fastened; the entire hook is covered with bait, and it is notched inside the bend to prevent the latter slipping down. When the shark is hauled up to the surface it is killed by means of a long spear. A harpoon is then fixed in it, and the rope fastened to the ship's side; after which the carcase is ripped up by a knife affixed to a pole, and the liver is taken out and placed in barrels, and stowed away in the hold. The value of a carcase is about 7s. 6d. The flesh is sold to the peasants, who bury it in the ground for two or three weeks, and then disinter it, wash it, and cut it up into strips, and hang it in the drying-house. After one year's drying, it is considered fit for food. The flesh has then assumed a clear, reddish-yellow color, which gives it something of the appearence of salmon, so far as the eye is concerned, but certainly not the nose, for its presence in a room is very perceptible. How perceptible it must be in case of ten-year old shark flesh, which we are further informed is accounted a delicacy among native connoisseurs, we must leave to the imagination and olfactory nerves of our readers to conjecture. The gall of the shark is used instead of soap. The skin is also turned to good account; after being stretched on the ground and dried, it is used as shoe leather, though it is not susceptible of polish. A shark of moderate size yields two-thirds of a barrel of oil, (reckoning a barrel at about 140 quarts,) which is extracted by boiling the liver. A first boiling gives the light train-oil; a second, the darker or common oil. Three barrels of liver give about two barrels of oil, and, in calm weather, one small open boat, if fortunate, may secure about fifteen barrels of liver in a couple of days. In Sweden and Germany, where the train-oil is much used in tanneries, it fetches from 55 shillings to 125 shillings per barrel.

A Child Seized by a Panther and Saved by a Dog.

A panther recently attempted to carry off a child, in Nevada. The child, which was a little girl three years old, was playing before the open door, while its mother was sweeping. The panther, which had crept near, suddenly leaped upon the child, seized her by the shoulder, and turned to flee with her, when a powerful and ferocious mastiff that was sitting in the house, near the open door, dashed out and seized the panther by the throat. The wild beast dropped the child, which was not hurt, and then a furious fight ensued between the panther and the mastiff. The dog tore open the panther's throat with his teeth, and the panther tore the flesh from the dog's sides with its claws. The mother of the child rushed out and rescued her darling from beneath the feet of the maddened combatants, carried her into the house, and then seizing a loaded rifle that was standing in a corner, she hastened to the help of the mastiff. She fired almost at random, but the bullet struck the panther in the shoulder and passed clear through his body. He fell to the ground, and the dog, now utterly furious with the rage of combat, soon finished him.

Life Among the Indians.

At a social gathering Gen. Garfield gave an interesting account of his observations in Montana last summer, while on a special mission for the Indian Bureau. He expressed very little faith in the possibility of civilizing the Indian tribes of that Territory. The most discouraging trait in their character was a lack of acquisitiveness. They appeared to have no desire to acquire property, and if one came in possession of any surplus of provisions or blankets, every vagabond in his tribe was at liberty to come and help himself. The Indians seemed to feel bound to carry hospitality to such an extent as to give away everything they had. An industrious fellow, who had accumulated a store of dried meat or fish for winter consumption, would soon be visited by a crowd of his improvident brethern, who would live on him as long as he had anything to eat, and when his last morsel was gone, he would join his guests, and they would all quarter on some other member of the tribe. Thus these absurd ideas of the duties of hospitality took away all incentive for the accumulation of property.

Gen. Garfield thought the chief hope for the ultimate civilization of these wild tribes was to be found in their love for horses and cattle, which was the only kind of property they appeared to set any value upon. They rarely give away their live stock, and if they were ever to be led out of barbarism it would be into the condition of herdsmen. He did not believe it was possible to convert a savage tribe at once into peaceful agriculturalists, and was certain that no amount of presents of plows, patent reapers, and seeds would accomplish this end. Nature's process for civilizing savage races was to make of them first a nomadic pastoral people, agriculture coming as the second step into the path of progress, and manufacture as the last. The mistake in all our dealings with the Indians was that we had attempted to induce them to make an immediate change from the life of hunters to that of farmers. If any remnant of the Indians should be preserved from the process of extinction so rapidly going on, the General believed it would be through their adoption of stock-raising as a means of subsistence, for which a vast extent of country among the Rocky Mountains, where the nutrious "blue grass" flourishes, was admirably adapted.

Star Drift.

One of the most remarkable discoveries supposed to be made by modern science is the drifting of the stars. Mr. Richard A. Proctor, Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, claims the merit of first suggesting the possibility of there being in fact no fixed stars; but Professor Huggins is said to have first demonstrated the fact that certain of the stars, notably Sirius, are wandering through space with almost incredible rapidity. The undulatory light-waves are the criteria by which this approach or recession is formed, and the rate at which they strike the eye of the observer gives the proof of the stars coming toward the earth or going from it. If the waves come in quicker succession than from a luminous body at rest, the source of light, according to a well-known law, is approaching; if, on the contrary, they come in slower succession than from a luminous body at rest, the source of light is receding. Not only does this "star drift---as Mr. Proctor calls it---take place with single stars, but whole groups, with rythmic motion, are circling among themselves, sometimes drifting silently, swiftly, mysteriously, in a common direction, sometimes intervolved in a manner at present unaccountable.

Belief in Dreams.

It seems that dreams may be sometimes made of better stuff than is usually supposed. The "Fort Wayne sentinel wants us to believe this story: A gentleman in that neighborhood had a son who was a clerk in Omaha, who wrote to his father that he had been robbed of $5,000 belonging to his employer while returning from a collecting trip. Then the father fell asleep and dreamed that he was sitting at a table of a hotel in Omaha, and overheard two young men talking over the particulars of a robbery in which they had been concerned, at the same time counting the proceeds with much exultation. Learning (as he dreamed) the number of their room, he (still dreaming) consulted the register and fixed their names in his memory. He wrote to his son (having waked up) to consult the register of the Omaha Hotel, and to see if he found there the names of John B. Nelson and James Frank inscribed on its pages under the date of November. Finding the said names registered there, the son caused the arrest of the said men, when they confesssed the theft, $4,812 of the money was recovered, and the offenders are now in the penitentiary. Tis a strange case, and all we have to say of it is, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy, Horatio.

The Wheelbarrow.

The Danbury *News* man says: If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house, with the handle toward the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man will fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else; he never knows when he has got through falling over it, either; for it will tangle his legs and his arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn, and scoops more skin off him, and he commences to evolute anew, and bump himself on fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive looking object there is, but is is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles, and is sitting down on something. A wheelbarrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse on true dignity.

Hydrophobia---Mr. George Fleming, the English veterinarian, as the result of his studies upon rabies, or hydrophobia, asserts that the disease does not originate spontaneously more than once in a thousand cases. In fact, so far as any actual knowledge goes, we know nothing of the conditions which produce it, except that it is contagious by inoculation, as when the virus is introduced into the blood by the bite of a mad dog. We assume, however, that it sometimes originates spontaneously, in order to explain sudden outbreaks of the disease in countries where it was previously unknown, and could not be traced to importation from foreign lands. This was the case in Peru in 1803. In France the average annual mortality from hydrophobia is 162 persons; in Prussia, 71. The number of deaths from the same cause in England is much smaller. During the past thirty years it has ranged from a minimum of one, in 1862, to a maximum of 36, in 1866. We have no American statistics on the subject.

An imperial ukase has just been published at St. Petersburg ordering a levy of recruits to complete the establishment of the Russian army and fleet for the year 1873. The proportion of recruits to the population in the entire empire and the kingdom of Poland is to be six per thousand except among the Carelians in the Government of Archangielsk and Olonetz, where it is to be four per thousand. An addtional levy of one in five hundred is to be made in the Lithunian and other south-western governments to supply the arrears in the recruiting of former years in these provinces.

A Kentucky belle, Miss Amelia Pegram, widely noted for her beauty, amiability, and intelligence, on the 23d accidentally and fatally shot herself through the heart with a pistol belonging to her brother, which had been left by him on a bureau in her room.

WORK;

or, CHRISTIE'S EXPERIMENT.

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT,

Author of "Little Women," "Old Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTIE.

"AUNT BETSEY, there's going to be a new Declaration of Independence."

"Hens and save us, what do you mean, child?" And the startled old lady precipitated a pie into the oven with destructive haste.

"I mean that, being of age, I am going to take care of myself, and not be a burden any longer. Uncle wishes me out of the way; thinks I ought to go, and, sooner or later, will tell me so. I don't intend to wait for that, but like the people in fairy tales, travel away into the world and seek my fortune. I know I can find it."

Christie emphasized her speech by energetic demonstrations in the bread-trough, kneading the dough as if it was her destiny, and she was shaping it to suit herself; while Aunt Betsey stood listening, with uplifted pie-fork, and as much astonishment as her placid face was capable of expressing. As the girl paused, with a decided thump, the old lady exclaimed:

"What crazy idee you got into your head now?"

"A very sane and sensible one, that's got to be worked out, so please listen to it, ma'am. I've had it a good while. I've thought it over thoroughly, and I'm sure it's the right thing for me to do. I'm old enough to take care of myself; and if I'd been a boy, I should have been told to do it long ago. I hate to be dependent, and now there's no need of it; I can't bear it any longer. If you were poor, I would not leave you, or I never forget how kind you have been to me. I am a burden to him, and I must go where I can take care of myself. I can't be happy till I do, for there's nothing here for me. I'm sick of this dull town, where the one idea is to eat, drink and get rich. I don't find any friends to help me as I want to be helped, or any work that I can do well; so let me go, Aunty, and find my place, whatever it is."

"But I do need you, deary, and you musn't think Uncle don't like you. He does, only he don't show it, and when your odd ways fret him, he ain't pleasant, I know. I don't see why you can't be contented here. You lived here all my days, and never found the place lonesome, or the folks unneighborly," and Aunt Betsey looked perplexed by the new idea.

"You and I are very different, ma'am. There was never much romance and enthusiasm, and the spirit which can rise to heroism when the great moment comes.

Christie was one of that large class of women who, moderately endowed with talents, earnest and energetic, are driven by necessity, temperament or principle out into the world to find support, happiness and homes for themselves. Many turn back discouraged; more accept shadows for substance, and discover their mistake too late; the weakest lose their purpose and themselves; but the stronger struggle on, and, after danger and defeat, earn at last the best possession this world can give us, the possession of a brave and cheerful spirit, rich in self-knowledge, self-control, self-help. This was the real desire of Christie's heart; this was to be her lesson and reward, and to this happy end she was slowly yet surely brought by the long discipline of life and labor.

Sitting alone there in the night, she tried to strengthen herself with all the good and helpful memories she could recall, before she went away to find her place in the great unknown world. Thoughts of her mother, so like herself, who had borne the commonplace life of home till she could bear it no longer. When had gone away to teach, as most country girls are forced to do. Had met, loved and married a poor gentleman, and, after a few years of genuine happiness, untroubled even by much care and poverty, had followed him out of the world, leaving her little child to the protection of her brother.

Christie looked back over the long, lonely years she had spent in the old farm-house, shelling to school and church, and doing her tasks with kind Aunt Betsey while a child; and slowly growing into girlhood, with a world of romance locked up in a heart hungry for love and a larger, nobler life.

She had tried to appease this hunger in many ways, but found little help. Father's old books were all she could command, and these she wore out with much reading. Inheriting his refined tastes, she found nothing to attract her in the society of the common-place and often coarse people about her. She looked at, like the buxom girls whose one ambition was to "get married," and whose subjects of conversation were "smart bonnets" and "nice dresses." She tried to believe that the admiration and regard of the bluff-spoken farmers was worth striving for; but when one well-to-do neighbor laid his acres at her feet, she found it impossible to accept for her life's companion a man whose soul was dependent on his broad shoulders. She could not even feel flattered when he kissed the wrinkled face that had never worn a frown to her.

Full of hopeful fancies, Christie's salted the pans and buttered the dough in pleasant forgetfulness of all mundane affairs, and the ludicrous dismay of Aunt Betsey, who followed her about rectifying her mistakes, and watching over her as if this sudden absence of mind had caused suspicions of her sanity.

"Aunty, I want to go away, and get the evening flying, if you please," was Christie's abrupt beginning, as they sat around the evening fire.

"Hey! what's that?" said Uncle Enos, rousing from the doze he was enjoying, with a candle in perilous proximity to his newspaper and his nose.

Christie repeated her request, and was much relieved when, after a meditative stare, the old man briefly answered:

"Wal, go ahead."

"I was afraid you might think it rash or silly, sir."

"I think it's the best thing you could do; and I like your good sense in proposin' on't."

"Then I may really go?"

"Soon's ever you like? Don't pester me about it till you're ready, then I'll give you a little something to start off with. Until Uncle Enos returned to "The Farmer's Friend," as if cattle were more interesting than kindred.

Christie was accustomed to his curt speech and careless manner---had expected nothing more cordial, and, turning to her aunt, said, rather bitterly:

"Didn't I tell you he'd be glad to have me go? No matter! When I've done something to be proud of, he will be, and then he won't mind saying how clever I am."

Then her voice changed, her eyes kindled, and the firm lips softened with a smile.

"Yes, I'll try my experiment: then I'll get rich; found a home for girls like myself; or, better still, be a Mrs. Fry, a Florence Nightingale, or---"

"How are you on't for stockings, dear?"

Christie's castles in the air vanished at the prosaic question; but, after a blank look, she answered pleasantly:

"Thank you for bringing me down to my feet again, when I was soaring away too far and too fast. I'm poorly off, ma'am; but if you are knitting those for me, I shall certainly start on a firm foundation." And, leaning on Aunt Betsey's knee, she patiently discussed the wardrobe question from hose to head-gear.

"Don't you think you could be contented any way, Christie, if I make the work lighter, and leave you more time for your books and things?" asked the old lady, loth to lose the one youthful element in her quiet life.

"No, ma'am, for I can't find what I want here," was the decided answer.

"What do you want, child?"

"Look in the fire, and I'll try to show you."

The old lady obediently turned her spectacles that way, and Christie said in a tone half serious, half playful:

"Do you see those two logs? Well, that one smouldering dismally away in the corner is what my life is now; the other blazing and singing is what I want my life to be."

"Bless me, what an idee! They are both a burnin' where they are put, and both will be ashes to-morrow; so what difference does it make?"

Christie smiled at the literal old lady; but following the fancy that pleased her, she added earnestly:

"I know the end is the same; but it does make a difference how they turn to ashes, and how I spend my life. That log, with its one dull spot of fire, gives neither life nor warmth, but lies sighing despondently among the embers. But the other glows from end to end with cheerful little flames that go singing up the chimney with a pleasant sound. Its light fills the room and shines out into the dark; its warmth draws us nearer, making the hearth the cosiest place in the house, and we shall all miss the friendly blaze when it dies. Yes," she added, as if to herself, "I hope my life may be like that, so that, whether it be long or short, it will be useful and cheerful while it lasts, will be missed when it ends, and leave something behind besides ashes.

"I ough she only half understood them, the girl's words touched the old lady, and made her look anxiously at the eager young face gazing so wistfully into the fire.

"A good smart blowin' up with the bellusses would make the green stick burn real neat as the dry ones after a spell. I guess contentedness is the bellus for young folks, if they would only think so."

"I daresay you are right, aunty; but I want to try for myself; and if I fail, I'll come back and follow your advice. Young folks always have discontented fits, you know. Didn't you when you were a girl?"

"Shouldn't wonder of I did; but Enos came along and I forgot 'em."

"My Enos has not come along yet, and never may; so I'm not going to s